

## LAST EDITION.

(COMPLETE MARKET REPORTS.)

**SLAVERY** of the South in antebellum days was preferable to the condition of the white slaves in New England of the present day, declares a former slaveholder. His view of the situation, after careful study, will be published exclusively in the next

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

# ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

CIRCULATION SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1898.

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SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—JANUARY 29, 1898.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent.  
Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

## SPAIN'S WARSHIPS HEADED THIS WAY.

The Vizcaya Has Started for America and Others Will Follow.

CARTHAGENA, Spain, Jan. 29.—The first-class armored cruiser Vizcaya is starting for America. The rest of the Spanish squadron is preparing to sail for Havana.

The ironclad Cristobal, the Cristobal Colon (formerly Giuseppe Garibaldi III) will accompany the torpedo flotilla later.

## MERIWETHER'S DOCTOR BILL.

Dr. G. Wiley Broome Brings Suit for \$175.

THE CLAIM IS DISPUTED.

VALUE OF THE POLITICIAN'S LEG  
IS A FEATURE OF  
THE CASE.

BILLS OF OTHER PHYSICIANS.

Mr. Meriwether Says He Will Get  
\$2,000 Worth of Enjoyment Out  
of the Suit Even If  
He Loses.

The value of Lee Meriwether's leg is to be  
passed on by a jury.

Dr. G. Wiley Broome has sued the erstwhile mayoral candidate for \$175 for professional services, following a serious bicycle accident on Aug. 1.

Mr. Meriwether says that if a valuation were made on the basis of Dr. Broome's claim, his leg would be worth anywhere from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

Meriwether Dr. Broome's claim and says he will present it to the court, following the case in the courts. He figures ingeniously that he can't lose, even if the case goes against him. He has already paid



DR. G. WILEY BROOME.

bear from you, when I will retain it on account, or return same at your pleasure."

I am sure that the remitting bills which will stand being divided by eight, and this is no exception to that rule. I am, however, always ready to make a liberal reduction in my bill, and satisfaction of my patients by liberal reductions in my charges, but from your expressed ideas and opinions, I am inclined to believe that even the greatest application of liberality would fall far short of attaining the end desired in your case.

"Dr. Bernays called on me," said Mr. Meriwether, "and I told him he knew the bill was exorbitant. He said he thought Dr. Broome's bill was reasonable, and that even that much charge would be excessive.

"O, well," said Bernays, "you'd better let me know when I'll have you for the court. We doctor him and stand together. You can't expect me to testify that another doctor's fee is unreasonable."

"I am here Saturday," "I do not care to go into details. I performed services worth \$200 and can prove it by Dr. Bernays' bill."

The case will be tried in Justice Cline's court.

ALL IN RED DOMINOS.

New York's Elect Had a Royal Time  
at a Mask Ball.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—One hundred and seventy-five of the elect danced last night at the home of Heber R. Bishop, 88 Fifth avenue, in red dominos. It might easily have been a masquerade in the time of Louis XIV, but the costumes were intended to be seen. Everything was red. The lights, the flowers, the favors, the costumes, the many tieries of the lobbies, combined with the red dresses of the dancing, the dancing of the dancers to form a beautiful symphony in red. The Louis XVI ballroom, the Louis XV room, the Louis XIV room, all decked with red roses, caught in festoons with broad red ribbons. All the great bronze cases overflowed with the splendor of red roses. The floor was strewn with their petals crushed by the glancing feet of the dancers, played on hidden strings and red bells sounded a welcome to the arriving dominos.

Similarly to King Carnival's most devout devotees, the elect were dressed in their dominos, surmounted by elaborate masks fashioned to represent the heads of famous men. There were lions, tigers, cats, men dogs. Each wore a broad black satin bow under the chin, inscribed in gilt letters with a name, such as one would bestow upon a child.

The band struck up a set of quadrilles and the 16 grotesque masked squirmed off for the first set of quadrilles. They had not really a romp, so thoroughly had the carnival spirit entered into them.

Not until after this they were over was it learned that W. T. Vanderbilt and Harry Lehr had been the head and front of this diversion, and that of the gentler dominos Mrs. George F. Peabody, Mrs. Mrs. Henry Sloane, "Dodo," Miss Edith Bunting, "Filley," Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, "Mousette," Miss Sandra, "Moumoute," Mrs. Canfield, "Duchess," and Miss Anna Sands "Tou Tou."

The announcement of supper at 1 o'clock was the signal for the dominos to be dropped and the women engaged in their ball costumes. Small supper tables had been laid in the dining room, the reception room, the hall, and even the floor with its magnificent bronze.

The cotillion, led by Worthington Whitehouse, was danced soon after 2 o'clock. For one hour the latest novelties, which red satin slippers headed full of dolls daintily dressed in red, were carried to the center of the floor and each one of the dancers received a doll.

SAVED FROM A SINKING SHIP.

Captain and Crew of a British Tramp Steamer Rescued.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—The North German Lloyd steamer Alter, which arrived to-day, brought the captain and 24 of the crew of Sunderland, who were taken off that new of the British tramp steamer Dago last night when she was in a sinking condition. The Dago left Leith Dec. 31 for Baltimore in ballast. On Jan. 8 the main steam pipe burst, and the machine stopped until noon. The steam was let out in the trough of the sea and rolled about in heavy seas. For 12 days the unfortunate crew labored in this condition. Their bulkheads were burst in by the terrific pitching and tossing of the vessel; the bell fell through into the engine room and choked the pipes. The propeller of the vessel became leaky and the water was soon level with the engine room floor. On Dec. 26 the Alter was driven ashore and down to the sinking vessel. The Alter launched one of her large lifeboats in which she made a hasty dash to the stricken craft and the whole crew was taken off, the Dago being abandoned to her fate.

COMMITTEE ON THE FLOODS.

Will Be in St. Louis Next Week and Then Go South.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The joint committee of Congress, appointed to investigate flood conditions and causes in the Lower Mississippi, will start for St. Louis Tuesday. The members are Senator T. C. Thompson, of Indiana; Senator Thompson, of Missouri; and Weatherby, Berry, Elkins, Catchings, and Clegg, of Tennessee. The party will go to New Orleans. The result of the committee's investigation before any action is taken on the river and harbor bill for the next fiscal year.

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## BOOKIES HAI! HAI!

DENVERSIDE TURF EXCHANGE OPENS AND COUNTY AUTHORITIES DO NOTHING.

ALL BRIDGE CARS CROWDED. Air Line Railroad May Run Extra Trains to Accommodate Bettors— Telegraph Service Complete.

The Denverside Turf Exchange in the suburbs of East St. Louis opened at 1 o'clock this afternoon with an enormous attendance, the bookies were happy.

The building in which the betting is done is relatively small, the dimensions being 30x30 feet, but the promoters are already considering a plan to enlarge it. It was formerly a dance hall.

One-third of to-day's crowd couldn't squeeze in. Extra cars were placed in service on the Broadway electric line, the only trolley route to the place. The Air Line Railroad is considering the feasibility of running extra trains to the exchange. The telegraph service is complete.

The sporting element believe they will not be disturbed by the authorities, but it is alleged they are reckoning without their host. The police have been told to do everything "fix'd." The exchange is located outside the city limits, in Centerville Township. It is a swell residence district, however, and the residents are numerous. The residents of Alta Vista say they will not permit the bookies to conduct their business there. Sheriff Martinelli says he can do nothing to stop it unless formal complaints are made against the gamblers.

The East St. Louis police are powerless to do much if the gamblers insist on staying, and the Denverside Exchange this afternoon.

Deputy Sheriff J. D. Langley received instructions from Sheriff Rhein this morning to close the Denverside Exchange this afternoon.

East St. Louisans are divided on the question as to whether it would be the proper thing to close up the place.

## IS RODGERS REALLY RODGERS?

4 Sister From Marshall, Mo., Says Charles Is an Imposter.

Charles Rodgers, charged in the Court of Criminal Correction with assault with intent to kill, was discharged by Judge Murphy because the Sheriff's deputies neglected to issue an attachment for Susie Newton, who Rodgers is charged with having attempted to kill.

Rodgers' defense Attorney J. C. Shauer told his attorney that his mother, Mrs. Louise Hawkins of Marion, Mo., who was his sole child, would furnish funds to defend him. Mr. Shauer wrote Mrs. Hawkins and told her of the trouble of his son, Mrs. Hawkins was sick. She sent him \$100, and Mrs. Woods, money for her erring son. Mrs. Woods saw Rodgers first in the court.

"The man is not my brother," she declared. "He is not my brother," she declared. "He is not my brother," she declared. "He is not my brother," she declared.

After Judge Murphy discharged him on a technicality, Attorney Shauer talked to Rodgers and reproached him with the defense he had made. Rodgers insisted that he had told the truth. The woman he shot is at the Female Hospital seriously wounded.

## SHOTS BY ST. LOUIS HUNTERS.

Were Fired Through Farmer's Door and Window, It Said.

Joseph Paul, Frank Stanton, Fred Altman and John Vauk were arrested Friday night at Eleventh and Soulard streets on a warrant sworn out in St. Louis County, charging them with malicious destruction of property.

The warrant was sworn out by a farmer named Fred Meister, living on the Gravos road near Franklin. Mr. Meister claimed that on the way in to town where they got a log of beer. At first they were hunting, but were admiring that they had fired a few shots over the house, and then the gun went off, killing lives and demolishing a great deal of furniture.

The suspected ones were seen at the Third District Police Station, and it was learned that they did go out to the Gravos road hunting on the day mentioned and shot at birds, but when they got a log of beer. At first they were hunting, but were admiring that they had fired a few shots over the house, and then the gun went off, killing lives and demolishing a great deal of furniture.

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Judge Hirzel of Clayton has one busy day.

Judge Hirzel of Clayton had a busy day. Twenty-five divorce cases were before him. Seven divorces were granted, four cases were dismissed and others were continued.

Mrs. Dr. Olive Wilson's petition for divorce against Dr. Clarkson Wilson of Farmington, Ind., was granted. She was given custody of her baby, Wilson, and was ironed in two days. Before the time was up, she had taken her freedom and demanded his laundry.

Wilson is a dentist. His wife became pregnant while she was married to her husband, and he sought into the secret of her female patients.

It is said that Dr. Clark Wilson is bringing his infant son, Marion, to New York.

Walter L. Hinckley, 612 Ridge avenue, St. Louis, has a factor in New York seeking a divorce from his wife, Annie. Annie, as she asserts, is still young and once threw a temper tantrum, threatening to kill him. Hinckley, 40, a widower, has threatened to kill her; he beat her, failed to provide food for herself and her friend, and once as she was approaching him, he threatened to kill her.

Twenty witnesses were sworn. Argument will be made next week.

A decree of divorce of minor children and restoration of maiden name was granted to Ida M. De Ween from her husband, George J. De Ween.

Decree of divorce was granted by default to August Michaelke against Clara Michaelke, Paul Brown against Julia Brown, Mary Clegg against John Clegg, and for her against Charles W. Taylor and Thomas Maddring against Annie Maddring.

The case of Ida Maloni vs. Henry Malone was not prosecuted.

Sleeping in a Wood Shed.

French Pierri, a laborer, single, 37 years old, was found sleeping in a wood shed in the rear of 2609 South Broadway, Friday night. He was benumbed and almost unconscious. Pierri was sent to the South City Hospital and forwarded to the City Hospital.

Star Boarder Prosecuted.

Mrs. Lizzie Bradsbury performed a serviceable duty Saturday. She and her star boarder two years, for disturbing her. He was fined \$10.

## REFUSED TO OBEY.

Archbishop Hennessy Sends a Curt Answer to Mgr. Martinelli.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Mgr. Martinelli, the papal delegate, is experiencing his first difficulty in the administration of his delicate office. It is the result of friction between Archbishop John Hennessy of Dubuque and the people of the Catholic church at Fort Dodge, Iowa. Very Rev. Thomas M. Lonahan, pastor at Fort Dodge, was prompted ten months ago to file a complaint with Cardinal Hennessy. As pastor of Corpus Christi he was one of the immovable rectors of Archbishop Hennessy's diocese. He appealed to the bishop for the counties of Boone, Story, Marshall, Hamilton, Hardin and Greene. Upon his promotion many and some thought this desirable pastoral, but Archbishop Hennessy refused to appoint a successor.

Subsequently the archbishop announced that he had appointed Fr. John J. Dodge to succeed him. The citizens held an indignation meeting and forwarded a protest to Cardinal Hennessy to suspend the subdivision of the diocese until the delegational court could pass upon the matter.

In reply Archbishop Hennessy wrote a brief note to Mgr. Martinelli, stating that he intended to take this advice, as he was in no position or in any conference, as he was vested with full authority as archbishop, to decide all such matters.

Charles R. Webb, convicted slayer of his sweetheart, Malie Wade, December day, 1895, was taken to the penitentiary Saturday to serve a sentence of 99 years.

Webb is delighted that he escaped the gallows. Just before leaving the jail he talked with George Thompson, who is to be hanged Feb. 7.

"I am sorry for you," said Webb, "and I am anxious to sympathize with you for as there's life there's hope, so I won't much prefer the penitentiary even though I am sentenced for such a long while."

Charles R. Webb, as he walked away from the Four Mile Inn was Otto Wling, the slayer of Pauline Rosenthal, his sweetheart.

## RIOTS IN MURPHY'S FLAT.

"Little Russia" Was the Toast and Responses Cost \$10 Each.

Four women and a man had a riotous time at Murphy's flats in the rear of 71 Morgan street Friday night. They broke windows, battered furniture, and at 2 a.m. Saturday rode in the hoodlum wagon to the Fourth District Station.

Mrs. Murphy invited a few friends to her midnight supper. Ellen McGarry, Mary Ann Connor and her big son, John, were among the favored guests. This was the second time the party had been given.

Private Watchmen Hejli and Petzold tried to restrain the rioters, but they were beaten.

Judge Murphy, who was going down to Texas, where Petzold got a rufle uncle," explained. "We heard that there was no room in the hotel, so we had to get a room up, so we just bought them pistols for defense ourselves again um."

## AFRAID OF TEXAS BEASTS.

Wm. Petzold and Arthur Swift Went Armed for Bear.

Henry Yeager, William Petzold and Arthur Swift were in Judge Zimmerman's Police Court Saturday morning. Yeager was fined \$50 for trespassing, Swift \$50 for trespassing and carrying concealed weapons and Petzold \$50 for carrying concealed weapons.

Yeager, Swift and Petzold were arrested by Private Watchmen Hejli while attempting to break up a riot at the Four Mile Inn.

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Charles R. Webb, as he walked away from the Four Mile Inn was Otto Wling, the slayer of Pauline Rosenthal, his sweetheart.

## STATE SUPREME COURT.

Hoosiers in St. Louis Will Entertain the Post Riley on Feb. 10.

The Indiana Society of St. Louis was organized Friday evening at a gathering of about 75 Hoosiers in the parlor of the Planters Hotel.

Permanent officers were elected as follows: President, T. B. Glazebrook; First Vice-President, Judge J. F. Fisher; Second Vice-President, A. R. Barnes; Third Vice-President, Joseph Flory; Railroad Commissioner, Treasurer, G. H. Sallee; Secretary, G. E. Beaven; Vice-Presidents, George C. Petzold, Charles J. Veatch, Board of Directors—T. B. Glazebrook, Judge Fisher, G. H. Sallee, Charles J. Veatch, L. C. Dunn, Morris G. Levison and Will E. Parrott.

The first annual banquet of the society will be held Saturday evening, Feb. 10, to celebrate the anniversary of the admission of Indiana into statehood. James Whitecomb Riley, who is to give a reading in St. Louis on Feb. 10, will be the society's guest at a reception.

## PITTSBURG BIKE RACE.

Waller and Elkes Still Lead, but Are Closely Followed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 29.—This being Saturday, the last day of the 72-hour bicycle race, the riders started at 10 o'clock this morning, instead of noon, in order to have the finish before Sunday. The race has been stubbornly contested from the start of the kick that has been taken place in this country. Records have been broken every day and Waller and Elkes have remained side by side since Tuesday, Jan. 26.

The score at the end of the 624 hour p.m. was:

	Miles	Laps
Waller	1,144	1
Elkes	1,137	1
Gill	1,037	3
Hall	1,136	11
Walters	1,134	11
Brown	1,133	11
Denech	1,032	4
Rueckel	1,031	4

The lead of the Mystery right eye closed comically, and the drooping corners of his thick eyebrows raised themselves for a moment, and then the face became serious as it always is.

Even a man in prison can have a little fun.

The Mystery is well read, and his associates have been men and women of education. This is not said in his language and in his own words. His knowledge is faultlessly constructed, and while he can emphasize an idea or impress for the more fruitless cut-and-thrust by reporters he said:

"I saw him," he said slowly, "this morning; he was around here about two hours ago, sizing me up and I couldn't help seeing him."

"Did you ever see him before?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, I have seen him before," he said. "When did you see him before?"

The Mystery seemed as if it hurt him.

Then he assumed an air of resignation.

"I have a right to be here," he said.

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**ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH**  
Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER.  
PUBLISHED BY  
**THE PULITZER PUBLISHING CO.**  
Office 513 Olive Street.

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Advertisers who fail to receive their paper regularly will confer with us, reporting the names of the roads.

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Editorial Rooms ..... Main 655

The S. C. Beekwith Special Agent,  
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45 Tribune Building, New York, N. Y.

46 The Rockery, Chicago.

## MAKE AN EXAMPLE.

While the other newspapers are indulging in childish notions that the Smith mystery is a "fake" scheme the Post-Dispatch is gathering and printing all the news about this remarkable case:

To emphasize the falsity of the absurd theory that the case is a put-up job on the police the Post-Dispatch has offered a reward of \$1000 to any one who will prove the concoction of the Post-Dispatch, the prisoner or Judge Madill with such a contemptible scheme. There are no takers, and there will be none.

But when all that newspaper enterprise can do in presenting the facts about the attempted crime and the criminal has been done, there is a duty which the law officers must perform. Smith, whoever he may be, must be prosecuted.

The fact that Smith acted in some respects as a crank is of no consequence. The fact that his revolver contained blank cartridges does not atone for the attempt to extort money by threats.

There is a reign of thuggery and thievery in this city. If this man, after attempting to extort money by threats of death from a business man in his office, is allowed to go without prosecution no man is safe, either on the streets or in his office. It will be an invitation to the thugs and the cranks to try similar schemes.

An example should be made of this young man.

A St. Louis Congressman is amazed to find how unfairly St. Louis has been treated in the matter of postal facilities. St. Louis is amazed that his Congressmen were not earlier amazed at this condition.

## THE MINERS' VICTORY.

The Post-Dispatch congratulates the miners and operators over the result of the interstate joint convention at Chicago, which will mean an advance of nearly 10 cents per ton and a uniform eight-hour day to nearly 200,000 bituminous miners.

The dispatch telling of this agreement in the Post-Dispatch was significant. It said: "The miners are jubilant" \* \* \* and the operators congratulated one another with a victory over themselves."

A victory over themselves—that is what is needed in many other cases besides the mine operators, in order to bring about better conditions in the social and economic world. Reformers who desire the betterment of the race should make much of this victory. It sounds a note of hope for the future. It is better than a victory gained by force or the threat of force. It is a long step toward the final goal of human brotherhood.

If Mr. McKinley is now standing on the Cuban plank of the St. Louis platform it is because he has been pushed there.

## UNDERGROUND TROLLEYS.

Speaking of the danger of the overhead trolley wires and the destructiveness through electrolysis of the return earth currents Supervisor of City Lighting Reilly concludes that underground trolleys are a necessity.

Mr. Reilly believes that the city has the power to compel the electric lines to put their wires underground, and that this power should be promptly exercised because of the time and labor necessary to accomplish the end.

All of this is true. It is also true that it would be to the advantage of the companies to have their wires underground. The cheapness and efficiency of the underground trolley have been demonstrated.

Being true that the old lines should be forced to put their trolleys underground, what emphasis is given to the folly of permitting new overhead trolley lines? Not another franchise for an overhead wire should be granted.

American buyers are in the London market bidding briskly on foreign wool. How very unpatriotic! How very undignified!

## SPANISH CUNNING.

The attempt of the Spanish Government to turn the visit of the Maine to Havana into a festival in honor of the coming of a closer friendship between the United States and Spain, to be signified by renewed "festivities" on the visit of a Spanish warship to New York deserves no one, at least, outside of administration circles.

Spanish diplomacy has always been marked by cunning and deceit. This is a piece of it. Not being able to blow the Maine into scrapiron, the Spanish diplomats are making a virtue of necessity and are professing extreme cordiality and friendly delight over the visit of the Maine.

While Spanish diplomacy is thus diverting and tickling American officialdom, time is being gained for Spain. Cubans starve and the horrors of the Cuban struggle go on. Spain gains the chances of delay.

The United States should not lack in courtesy when courtesy is proper. But there comes a time when courtesy and compliment are out of place. There comes a time when justice demands the word and deed that hurts. This time has come in the Cuban struggle.

If the administration fails to see and do its duty it must be made to see and do it.

The President did very well to refuse to answer the following questions put to him by an ambitious reporter: "Do you think there is any chance of war with Spain? How long will Hay be at the White House? What do you think?"

Bryan's chances in 1900? Have you devoted any thought to a second term? If you were a New Bedford weaver who had voted for McKinley, protection and high wages, what would you think of yourself? What is your view on the national eight-hour law?" Perhaps Mr. McKinley will be more talkative after he shall have secured his second nomination.

## THE HANNA MESS.

Attorney Campbell, who testified before the Ohio Senate that he had handled the money for Representative Otto in the attempt to purchase his vote for Senator Hanna, declared that he did not believe that Senator Hanna or President McKinley had any personal connection with the bribery dicker.

Boyce, the vote-purchasing agent, is alleged to have paid Campbell \$1750 and to have promised a large additional sum, with certain spoils, which were to be obtained through President McKinley.

No man who knows the ways of politics believes that Senator Hanna personally handled the bribery dicker or paid out the money. But who supplied the money? Who was the beneficiary of the deal?

No one believes that President McKinley authorized the specific bargain by which certain offices were to be given for Hanna votes. But who makes the appointments to carry out such a bargain? Whose friend is benefited?

That dicker should be made for Senator Hanna and President McKinley by Boyce and the corrupt men who directed his bribery operations is a deep disgrace. It drags Hanna and the President into the foulest mire of the political stews.

The testimony submitted to the Ohio Senate cannot be overlooked by the United States Senate. The honor and dignity of that body are assailed by the revelations of the manner in which Senator Hanna's election was obtained.

The New York bosses are preparing to put through the State Legislature a bill for the suppression of bohemian newspapers. The political bosses do not agree with Jefferson that it would be better to have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers. A government without newspapers to expose abuses is the bosses' ideal. In fact, bosses government is in constant terror and danger from the independent newspaper.

C. P. Huntington is preparing to build a large dry dock at Newport News, so that the Government will have a place where the battleships can be repaired. If Mr. Huntington is as patriotic in his dry dock dealings with the Government as he has been with his railroad schemes, he will have another good thing.

Congressman Loud's denunciation of a Brooklyn delegation, as "a pack of—asses" is about as lively as Postmaster-General Gary's remarks on the "—outfit" from Missouri. Loud and Gary should endeavor to speak less grainy and less scathing.

"Mail your business letter as soon as it is written" is an idea of the Chicago Postoffice, and it would not be a bad one here. When postoffice clerks have a large amount of mail to distribute at once, there must necessarily be more or less delay.

Congressman Dooliver, in his Cuban talk on Thursday, forgot all about the Cuban plank of his party's platform. The chattering of a statesman with so poor a memory should be excluded from the Congressional Record.

Mr. McKinley, speaking at a meeting "to extend our commerce abroad," is extremely ridiculous. The high tariff policy is a strangler of commerce or it is nothing.

Absenteeism is prolonging the costly extra session of the Illinois Legislature. The total absence of a Legislature might prove a benefit to plundered State.

Is This a Case of Human Vivisection?

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

Please say for the benefit of a doctor in neighboring or distant cities that there is a limit to the endurance of the human body to physical suffering. There are also limits to those who are in sympathy with the weak and the nervous. The nervous becomes incapable of feeling more. My nervous and moral sensibilities have reached a period of absolute exhaustion. I am in a position to give either to the man or cure him, or send him to a hospital where he will not keep nervous women on the verge of insanity.

NEIGHBOR.

St. Louis.

MAURUS JOKAI has written a thrilling story which he calls "Hunger and Hygiene." It is the tale of a man starved into matrimony and will be printed in full in to-morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

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NEIGHBOR.

St. Louis.

WE WOULD BE ASHAMED IF MISSOURI'S EXHIBIT AT OMAHA WERE TO FAIL SHORT OF WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

It is costing a dollar to get out a dollar in the Yukon, the circulation of dollars must be greatly stimulated.

The mud junketers are seeing all the Eastern sights at the expense of the city, while the city is deep in mud.

WE WOULD ALL BE ASHAMED IF MISSOURI'S EXHIBIT AT OMAHA WERE TO FAIL SHORT OF WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

It is costing a dollar to get out a dollar in the Yukon, the circulation of dollars must be greatly stimulated.

We would all be ashamed if Missouri's exhibit at Omaha were to fail short of what it ought to be.

It is costing a dollar to get out a dollar in the Yukon, the circulation of dollars must be greatly stimulated.

New England cannot understand how white slavery can ever be as black as black slavery.

POST-DISPATCH SNAP SHOTS.

John Smith is a mask more impenetrable than iron or steel.

Gov. Tanner is accused of foul doing at home and bird shooting abroad.

The consciences of those who sent Dreyfus to Devil's Island must be little shoals.

John Smith is a very tall man. Where is the short man who should go with Mr. Smith?

Capt. Sigsbee is having so pleasant a visit that all the other warship captains will be wanting to sail for Havana.

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If the administration fails to see and do its duty it must be made to see and do it.

Scientist Crampion of New York has learned how to produce double-headed insects. It is to be hoped that he will not be allowed to experiment with the little brown bug known in the books as cimex lectularius, and which has a world-wide reputation.

"Getting there." There may be too much science in this terminology.

St. Louis.

BICYCLE LICENSE MONEY.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

Will some free silver man please inform me why the United States Senate, which is controlled by the free silverites, passed the Dingell robbery bill leaving Union Station at 6:30 p. m. This train consists of three coaches, and through no fault of the railroads, it arrived at 10:30 p. m. and maintained a speed of 40 miles an hour, and maintains it in an erect position, while a welded or seamless tubing surrounded by a Garford saddle keeps the feet off the floor. By the way, the railroads are the best inventors of people who are overcome in the process of punching tickets with care.

The officials are deserving of great credit for the manner in which they are so in consonance with the progressive spirit of the times.

G. A. St. Louis.

SOME POLITICAL WHYS.

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STICK-IN-THE-HUD.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

Last year there were about 15,000 bicycle licensees sold in this city, the money to be appropriated for the free silverites, passes the bill.

Why don't the silver men who control the Southern and Western States, abolish all special privileges for their respective States? Why are the poor men who work for the nation in the Southern States, as corrupt as those who control the Eastern and New England States?

A DEMOCRAT.

From the Kansas City Journal.

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**NO NEED  
OF  
DIRTY  
WEST END  
STREETS!**



CITY FATHERS: Get all the TEAMS and Men you want under  
**Help Wanted Male in P.-D. Wants,**  
In Sunday's Post-Dispatch.

14 words, 10 cents.  
This Office or any Drug Store.

**TO-NIGHT**

All Drug Stores receive Want Ads for the Big  
Sunday Post-Dispatch up to 10 o'clock.

**SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.**

20 words or less, 5c.

**ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMEN.** Wants situation with an architect or to do drawing for carpenter and builder; salary moderate; perspective drawing good work guaranteed. Ad. R. S. 114. Post-Dispatch.

**BAKER.** Wants situation, either country or city; best references. Ad. E. 814. Post-Dispatch.

**BARTENDER.** Experienced, will do the porter work in connection with tending bar; position not less than salary. Ad. K. 815. Post-Dispatch.

**BUTCHERKEEPER.** Thoroughly competent and experienced butcher with best city references desires position at once. Ad. A. 809. Post-Dispatch.

**BOY.** Wanted, situation by a boy of 18; willing to do any kind work; prefer driving a wagon. Ad. 2252 Sheridan av.

**BUTCHER.** Situation wanted by a butcher; good references. Ad. H. P. 1005 Russell av.

**BUTCHER.** Wanted, situation by experienced butcher and meat cutter; married. Ad. W. P. 1507 Washington av.

**COACHMAN.** Wanted, a situation by a young man who can drive a carriage and harness; in for first-class city refs. Ad. U. 816. Post-Dispatch.

**CONFETIONER.** And cake baker, with best of references, wants situation; will go in city or country. Ad. B. 814. Post-Dispatch.

**CUTTER.** Situation wanted by an experienced cutter; cuts suits without trying on; an all-round cutter. Ad. 2252 Sheridan av.

**DELIVERER.** Good driver wants position on delivery wagon; will work for board, lodging and very small wages. George Franklin, 4180 West Bell.

**ELECTRICIAN.** Situation wanted as electrician or lineman; can do all kinds of work in electrical line. S. J. Taylor, Fayetteville, Ark.

**ENGINEER.** Wanted, situation by licensed engineer; can do his own repairing; other than references. Ad. E. 814. Post-Dispatch.

**HOTEL MANAGER.** Wanted, situation as manager by an experienced hotel man of 18 years in drafting, estimating, bookkeeping, etc.; 10% of net percentage of the net earnings, can furnish the very best of testimonials. Ad. Box 183. Hudson Hotel.

**HORN.** Wanted, place as a hornman; any kind of work. 1832 Market st. J. Kichey.

**MAN.** Situation wanted by elderly man with references to care for horse, cow, furnace, etc. C. M. Smithson, 2048 Lafayette av.

**MAN.** Young man wants work as cook helper; waiter; 10 years' experience; with refs. W. Speer, 609 S. 17th st. Terre Haute, Ind.

**MAN.** An intelligent, honest young man, 20; wishes to work in a drug store; can do all kinds of wholesale house preferred. Ad. P. 802. Post-Dispatch.

**MAN.** Active young man wants work in hotel or restaurant to make himself generally useful. Ad. L. 807. Post-Dispatch.

**MAS.** Wanted, by experienced, practical man, work in a drug store; good character; lowest rates. Ad. R. 816. Post-Dispatch.

**MAS.** Young man, 20 years of age, healthy, active and sober, wants employment at some electric works, where he can obtain some practical know-how. Ad. C. M. Whitney, 1017 N. 10th st. Ad. J. B. Andrews, Met. Roupe, Ind.

**MAN.** Young man wants position of any kind; best references and recommendations; will furnish best security. Ad. A. 808. Post-Dispatch.

**MAN.** Wanted, situation by good all-around man; strong, able-bodied, plump, new, rep., resp., plain carpenter and glazing; experienced. Michael Dilling, 515 Carr st.

**MAN AND WIFE.** Sit. wanted by man and wife; German willing to work on farm or in city; working hours. Ad. L. 816. Post-Dispatch.

**MAN AND WIFE.** Situation wanted; man as cook and wife as good cook and houseman; will work for \$20 per month. 1613 Clark av.

**NURSE.** Situation wanted by experienced man; can get something they will eat; satisfied; best references. Ad. K. 809. Post-Dispatch.

**PAINTER.** Grainer and painter wants position shop grainer; sober and reliable; aged. Ad. H. 816. Post-Dispatch.

**PAINTER.** All-round house painter must have work; will work by day or job by the month or year; good character; willing to work for reasonable wages; willing, hard worker; steady; sober, honest; will furnish best references. Ad. C. W. H. 2001 N. 10th av.

**PHARMACIST.** Situation wanted by graduate in pharmacy; registered in Illinois, 10 years, 12 years' experience. Ad. C. 812. Post-Dispatch.

**STENOGRAPHER.** A competent male stenographer wants position in city at once. Ad. R. 815. Post-Dispatch.

**WATCHMAN.** Position wanted as night watchman; man in business house; references. Ad. C. W. H. 2001 N. 10th av.

**YARDMAN.** Young colored man wants a situation as yardman, porter or to care for horse; good work; good references; willing to pay good salary; answer, Vail or add. 3404 Washington av.

**YOUNG MAN.** Wishes situation of any kind; not afraid to work. Ad. Henry Duerdenhaus, 2001 Glasgow av.

**YOUNG MAN.** Will some gentlewoman give her address; young man wants a situation of any kind; experienced with horses, etc. Ad. X. 816. Post-Dispatch.

**YOUNG MAN.** Wants position in any line of work. Ad. B. 820. Post-Dispatch.

**YOUNG MAN.** Colored, wants situation in private family; can do dining-room work or tend horses; city references. Ad. G. 813. Post-Dispatch.

**YOUNG MAN.** Wants work in hotel, restaurant or drug store; good character; must have work. Ad. G. 813. Post-Dispatch.

**\$2.50 UP.** Pants to order. Morris Tailoring Co., 215-217 N. St. Louis, near Olive.

**UP-Suits and Overcoats to order.** Morris Tailoring Co., 215-217 N. St. Louis, near Olive.

**HELP WANTED—MALES.** 14 words or less, 10c. Business Announcements, 10c per line.

**BARBER.** Wanted, good barber for Saturday night and Sunday. 1504 Carr st.

**BARBER.** Wanted, first-class barber for Saturday and Sunday. Becher, 2200 Franklin av.

**BOY.** Wanted, good boy to trim and wrap shafts; no other need apply. Moon Bros. Carriage Co., 11th and Morgan st.

**BOY.** Wanted, position at barber shop, 4243 Easton av.

**BOY.** Wanted, at once, bright boy of good address to work in drug store. 28th and Washington st.

**BOY.** Wanted, a bright boy about 14 years of age; no errands. Good Directory Co., 813 Locust st.

**BOY.** Wanted, small colored boy for barber shop. 707 Chouteau av.

**BUGGY WASHER.** Wanted—a good, experienced buggy washer and harness cleaner at 1908-10 Franklin av.

**CARRIAGE PAINTER.** Wanted—Good carriage painter like charcoal and run paint shop on Adams, St. Joe Buggy Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

**SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.**

20 words or less, 5c.

**WOMAN.** Wanted, situation by middle-aged woman for light housework; no washing. 4114 S. 10th st.

**STOVE REPAIRS.** Castings and repairs furnished for any stove made. J. Forsyth, 111 N. 12th st.

**HELP WANTED—FEMALES.** 14 words or less, 10c. Business Announcements, 10c per line.

**COOK WANTED.** Short-order cook. 1902 Olive st.

**COOK WANTED.** A cook who will assist in washing and ironing. 6 Westmoreland pl.

**COOK WANTED.** Girl to cook and do light housework; must have references. Apply at 4031 Olive st.

**COKES.** Please notice. See that your mistress or maid is well and properly fed. Call at 1001 Fulton Market, 610 Olive st. We clean and dress everything for you.

**DISHWASHER WANTED.** Woman dishwasher at 2205 Franklin av.

**GIRL WANTED.** To work in dining room; come to work. Bridge Hotel, 32d and Lucas av.

**GIRL WANTED.** Young girl to help take care of baby and assist in housework. Add. 2604 St. Vincent.

**GIRL WANTED.** First-class colored girl in a family of 2. 2106 School st.

**GIRL WANTED.** Experienced girl in laundry office. Add. G. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**LAUNDRY.** All Drug Stores receive Want Ads for the Big Sunday Post-Dispatch up to 10 o'clock.

**TO-NIGHT**

All Drug Stores receive Want Ads for the Big Sunday Post-Dispatch up to 10 o'clock.

**ROOMS FOR RENT.**

14 words or less, 10c.

**BROADWAY.** 513 S.—Nice, clean furnished rooms, with good stores. \$12.50, \$15 per week.

**CHOUTEAU AV.** 1319—Large, elegantly furnished front room for two gents; hot bath; very rear.

**CHOUTEAU AV.** 1213—2 nicely furnished rooms, for housekeeping, \$10 a month.

**CHOUTEAU AV.** 1516—Nicely furnished room for one or two; cheap; private family.

**EIGHTEENTH ST.** 1023—Nice furnished room, suitable for 2.

**EIGHTEENTH ST.** 700 N.—2 nicely furnished rooms, cooking or otherwise; cheap.

**FRANKLYN AV.** 1730—Rare—3 nice clean rooms; large yard; lat. 1st floor; rent \$7.

**GARRISON AV.** 528 S.—4 rooms, hall and 2 basement rooms; rent \$15.

**GARRISON AV.** 720 N.—Nicely furnished, pleasant rooms; all conveniences; accommodations strictly first-class.

**HOTEL VENDOME.** European—Elegantly furnished steam-heated rooms, now \$5.00 and \$1 per day; strictly first class. Entrance 8 N. 18th st.

**LACLEDE AV.** 3540—Front room, with alcove, and 2nd-floor room, nicely furnished.

**LACLEDE AV.** 3540—Newly furnished; 3-story house; large yard; lat. 1st floor; rent \$7.

**LA SALLE ST.** 1302—Large from room, neatly furnished with bath; open air.

**LETTINGWELL AV.** 1425 N.—Two nicely furnished front rooms, second door back; light housekeeping.

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**OLIVE ST.** 1706—Nicely furnished room, single or double, with bath; light housekeeping.

**OLIVE ST.** 2716—Nicely furnished room, single or double, with bath; light housekeeping.

**OLIVE ST.** 2745—Furnished room, for light housekeeping to a respectable lady; \$5 per month; references exchanged.

**LOCUST ST.** 2068—Ericson Apartments for gentlemen; with or without private bathroom attached.

**LOCUST ST.** 2716—Nicely furnished rooms, \$1.50 up per week; good men and women.

**OLIVE ST.** 2716—Nicely furnished room, single or double, with bath; light housekeeping.

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**OLIVE ST.** 2716—Nicely





THE  
TARGET  
OF TODAY

READY A M FIRE COUNT UP

The Real  
BULLSEYE

# ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

SUNDAY COMIC WEEKLY.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1898. COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOLD THIS FULL SHEET FIRMLY  
BEFORE YOUR EYES AND ROTATE  
IT RAPIDLY.—YOU'LL SEE  
HOW EVERY BODY TURNS  
AROUND MONEY

BANTHONY  
SOAP HITS THE  
MAGAZINE  
INSTALLMENTS.

NICKOLA TESTER  
HITS IT OVER  
THE WIRE.

BARK HANNA  
TRIED TO HIT IT  
WITH A  
BOOMERANG.

MRS. ASHER-BOWL-MAN  
THE HAGUE.—SHE IS A  
DRAFSMAN  
SKILLFUL IN HER SOCIAL  
AIMS.

MR. BANDERBILT  
WALLEN  
HITS BOTH ART  
AND SOCIETY  
BULL'S EYES.

INVENTOR  
COTTON CULTURIST  
AUTHOR

POLITICIAN  
SOCIETY STATEMENT

ARTIST

ACTRESS

STOCK SPECULATOR

MUSICIAN

WALTER-SEIGFRIED-TANNHAUSER-LOHEN GRIMTHOTZANG  
WOTAN-HAN SACHS-DAM RUSH.

SEE, OH! de MUDROAD  
PARADE OF THE MUD ROAD

JOSEPH BITTER  
HE HIT THE ARMOUR  
BULL'S EYE.

KATHERINE  
JAILED ON THE STREETS  
SUCCESSED IN



# JOKES FROM THE FRENCH CRITICIZED BY AN EXPERT

THESE SAMPLES CONSTITUTE THE ONLY REPRINTABLE PRODUCT OF TEN GARLIC COMIC PAPERS.

SERIOUS'S FAVORITE JOKE.



## A RELIC FROM POMPEII.



Military Dude—What must I do to become your cavalier?  
Gladys—Cease to be a foot soldier.

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

This must have been taken from an ancient patent-medicine almanac, inasmuch as it belongs to the "absinthe-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder" period of humor. It is also a curiosity, and its chief sharpness seems to lie in its lack of point, even as the Scotch terrier's beauty is said to consist in its homeliness.

But perhaps the French variation presents a general piquancy that is alien to the original, which in the patent medicine almanac must have made the reader eligible as a partaker of the nostrum.

*ke Expert Munkittrick Says:*  
be is really not possessed of the peculiarity which insures success to that form of ich, in the suburbs of New Jersey, is, for unexplained reason, popularly known as American humor. It is a kind of humor which is sufficiently jocular to offend real-estate men, and yet is just sufficiently removed from the realm of seriousness to tickle the risibles of the old lady with corkscrew curls and at the base of the brain.

style of sectarian humor also covers the swervy field of bundle-carrying which cannot stand in Paris as it exists in the wilds of Jersey, where a superstitious man would think of going home at night without a suit case full of sausages and tripe than the hank of going to bed without tuning up race.

ought to come over to New Jersey and unshaded house for the summer.

## STILL GOES AT BLOOMINGDALE



## THE PREJUDICE

Snedaker was the unpromising and only the richest soapmaker in New Jersey. The house of Snedaker was a widower with single to soap, and, besides, too busy putting the underpinning to his second million to matrimony or anything that was apart a business. As may be imagined, he paid attention to his son, which was not at all factory to the latter so long as the bills were not too closely scrutinized, but, or, paid by Snedaker, father.

The old soap manufacturer did contemptuous offspring it was usually in the light of a scold inflicted on himself for some of the his youthhood.

ker, Jr., was twenty and in love. Except, this had been his condition in a spasm for some years. The intervals of at-me and lingered every time a new burr company came to town. Now it was different. Limburger and garlic can tell the criticisms of these notions at a glance or rather, at a whiff. But translations are a little more puzzling.

The American joke is at no other period of its life so funny as when it is translated back from the French into English. The above joke cannot be called an old one, as a joke must have merit to attain age. Yet it is not entirely new, being a trifles sprung at the button holes and slightly bagged and shining at the knees.

If Paris laughs at such a joke as this one it is only fair to say that the laugh is really on Paris, because in its palmy days it was never worthy even of the congenital idiot who supplies the fun for the six-dollar-a-week boarding-nouse at every meal.

In about five years the sad tidings that "Io tide of potassium" will be due at the French capital.

## IN LONDON.

Publisher—This won't do at all. It will never do to say that you had a lively time in Philadelphia.

Author—But I had, you know. Those stories about Philadelphia being slow are absurd.

Publisher—Can't help that. If you say you had a lively time in Philadelphia people will think you're lying, and it will queer the whole book.

## PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Many a young man," remarked Uncle Amos Proudfit thoughtfully, "makes the mistake of his life in thinkin' that runnin' a farm or a business is like runnin' a calf. With a calf ye must git behind an' ay that; but I ain't with lots o' other gns."

## MITIGATED BEREAVEMENT.

Attractive looking lady applied to the proprietor of a Harlem boarding-house for board and lodging.

"You are from Chicago. Are you a widow?" "I am."

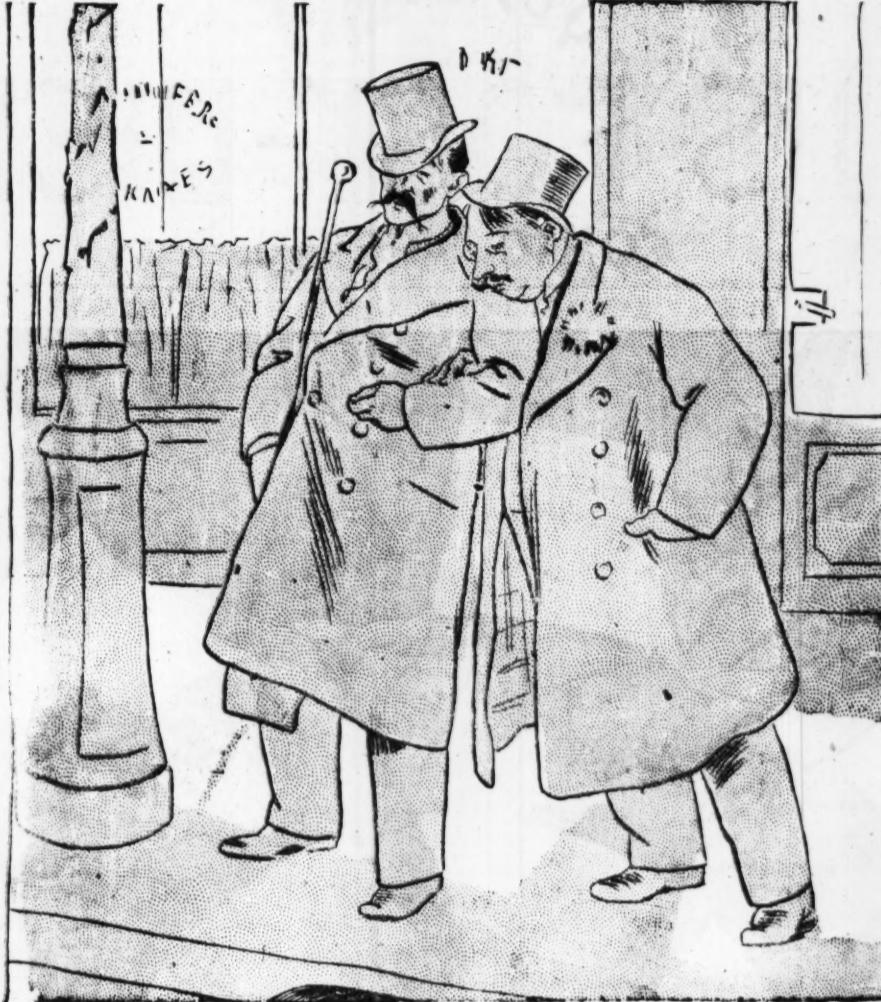
"Partially. Three of my husbands are."

"A MERE SUGGESTION.

"A mown Harlem man said to the vivacious of an elderly millionaire: 'Aint you like to take a sleigh ride with a moon?'"

"My horse is too spirited. I don't care to have him broken. What's the matter with your husband out for a ride?"

## EFFECTS OF EARLY TRAINING.



Du Bois—The religious associations of our early training will cling to us, dear Baron, despite the fact that we never go to mass.  
Baron—How do you make that out?  
Du Bois—Simply by saying that we keep our matins by staying out and making a night of it.

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

The above witticism makes us hilarious and puts us in a mood to burst into a laugh which could be imitated by that omnivorous bird, would be sufficient to digest the very stove-lids in the stomach of the ostrich.

Because we know how we laughed at it when we first heard it in its original form, before the dermatologist had changed its features, and it has a reminiscent charm, for with it we return to the ante-bellum circus in whose ring Dan Rice, Joe Pentland or Sam Stickney, we forget which, perpetrated it to the pensile pop of the peanut and in the solferino glare of the sea of lemonade.

As regards age it belongs to the period of Doesticks and Phoenix. In other respects it belongs to the lunatic asylum, where it romps on the play-ground of idiocy with the joke about the milkman whose last request was to plant a water lily on his grave.

## THE LATEST VARIATION.



Count Fizzletop—This is a wonderful American machine.  
Magina Rickey—What do you do with it?  
Count Fizzletop—You put in hams, shoulders, sausage and head cheese, and out pops a live pig

as soon as you touch the button.

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

A long time ago there was a statement current that a Chicago man had invented a machine into which a cow was driven, and out of which she came five minutes later, worked up into roasting pieces, soup bones, suet puddings and sandwiches.

It was also stated that the bones came out in the shape of buttons, and that the hide was made into shoes. But it has just reached Paris and is regarded in the gay capital as something new and startling. It was once observed that the end men of the minstrel companies were so called because when a joke reached them it had reached the end of its long, long journey.

In about five years the sad tidings that "Io tide of potassium" will be due at the French capital.

Grafton Snedaker muttered something about his father's prejudice not being removable but he was outclassed. A plan of campaign was agreed upon.

## ELEVATING THE BUSINESS.



Dramatic Author—Why do you call me the son of Moliere, and call down those unheard-of blessings upon me?  
Vegetable Peddler—Because you are the author of my prosperity, without whom I could only sell vegetables for food.

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

The idea of throwing anything edible at an actor with the hope that it will offend him is about as old as it is erroneous. To do such a thing would probably cause him to fancy that he was being made the recipient of a real blessing. He would catch the eggs on the fly and take them home to feed to the rattlesnake which is his pet when sufficiently affluent to indulge his weakness for D. T.

Vegetables and fruit would be a godsend when the ghost ceases to be peripetic. The Parisians ought to know that this idea of annihilating the historian with vegetables is as false as is the scheme of driving the would-be wooer away from the house with a bulldog with eight octaves of teeth, when it is well known, and has often been observed, that the man with daughters to burn will encourage any young man, even if he has to go so far as to set out a free lunch and not so much as ask for the privilege of kinetoscoping.

## A BROOKLYN ECHO.



Fond Mother—Isn't this a peach of a baby—only a month old and weighs twenty pounds?  
Visitor—Very fine, very fine; is it your latest?

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

This is so funny that it was at one time wanted to make a horse laugh. To-day it would probably have the same effect on a bicyclist. It was a silly question which could have been successfully answered by saying, "Yes, and it is also my first."

These jokes about children do not to-day enjoy a wide popularity outside of Brooklyn, where the safety-pin is still employed in fastening the turk together after the dressing has been inserted.

Humor of which the above is a sample still causes the portable teeth of art to fly before the force of the honest guffaw, such as is still heard in small villages located eight or ten miles from any railroad station.

In about ten years Paris will laugh at the greatest street joke about the baby who ate a bottleful of quinine pills and then ran around and screamed with joy to hear them rattle within him. It is still a side-splitter in Brooklyn, where it is revived by the papers regularly for every generation.

The bear is quite affable. Consent only matter of time.

## HYPERCritical.



First Coryphe—That Irma is a peach on her feet. They are here, there, and everywhere. But she oughtn't to be so concealed.

Second Coryphe—Why not?

First Coryphe—Why, because she has only two feet, like all the rest of them.

*Joke Expert Munkittrick Says:*

All ballet-girl jokes are out of date, especially those that aim to raise a laugh on the subject of her age. If she is as old as are the jokes at her expense it is only fair to assume that she has partaken of the fountain of youth, because her antiquity is well concealed, even if we do hear her wish-bone snap occasionally when she is in action.

It seems strange to say the least that Paris should laugh over an American ballet joke, unless ironically, when the French capital is the home of this form of optical delight and mystery. After a while all Paris will go frantic over the mistake of the country woman who took all her children into a store in the window of which appeared a card bearing the legend "Kids Cleaned."

This joke is not so old as it will be when it reaches Paris, but it is so old and feeble that at last advices it couldn't get a hand in Schemetady, and that, to put it mildly, is the badge of antiquity.

## OF SNEDAKER, SR.

The elder Snedaker looked at him with amused contempt.

And who is this unfortunate object of your admiration?

"Do you refer to the future Mrs. Grafton Snedaker, or, Miss Mollie Monsoon, of the Gyro-Comic Opera Company. She's a perfect lady and will prove a most acceptable daughter-in-law."

"I'm dashbanned if she will!"

"But you must see her," insisted Grafton the younger, whose courage was upheld by the knowledge of the proximity of the choices of his affectionate and affected heart. She's right here. Step this way, Mollie. Miss Monsoon, permit me to present to you my father."

The old gentleman only acknowledged the introduction with a glare, from which Snedaker the denominated shrank like a seven-dollar suit. Mollie did not shrink. She had been shrunk before she had been made up.

"Well," sputtered the irascible father, "leave this office."

Only Mollie disobeyed. The dutiful and trembling son waited outside until the little lady appeared.

"I am to see him again to-morrow. Leave it all to me."

An hour later young Snedaker received a note from his father. It ran:

"You are to start for Penadnunk to-night at 10:30."

Penadnunk was a sort of penal institution of the soap works magnate, where young Snedaker's duties were to superintend the rendering of defunct animals of various species into toilet soap fat. The boy really did not have to work, but he had to stay there.

The gloom that surrounded his Penadnunkian existence was on the second day lightened considerably by the receipt of a telegram from Mollie, which read:

The bear is quite affable. Consent only matter of time.

10 collect.

Next day came another:

Gaining ground every day. Will write if I collect.

MOLLIE.

Then a week of silence, suspense, torture, followed by a delirium of joy superinduced by this:

Come home. Prejudice against stage permanently.

absolutely and satisfactorily removed.

MOLLIE.

The first train out of Penadnunk carried the jubilant young Snedaker.

He failed to find Mollie at her hotel, but sought his father, with whom he found the beloved object of his search.

"Grafton," remarked the old gentleman in a businesslike tone and a tourist suit, "Kiss your ma. We were married yesterday."

CHARLES LEDERER.

NOT TO BLAME.

Rev. Melancthon Fish, meeting O'Beijo, a dissipated Harlem youth, the clergyman said rebukingly:

"You have gambled and drank up your entire fortune."

"Yeah, that's sho, parson."

"Well, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't shee whatsh I've got be 'shamed of. Ain't my fault, ish it, that fortune's wash too small?"

ANSWERED.

"Do you stand?" bawled the minister.

"I tones wakened a man in the rear seat,"

dry replied: "In the cable cars and on

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F. W. Snodderup  
ANSON.

# ❖ FUN FOR 5, 10, 20, 40 AND 50-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN ❖

## HOW TO RAISE THE BABY.

### INTRODUCTION.

In order that the baby may grow up into a good man or woman and never get landed into jail or the poor-house, it is necessary for—now, here is a difficulty right at the start. We can't keep on using both words "he or she," "him or her," so we must content ourselves with the expression "it." We are perfectly aware that if there is anything that rouses mothers to white heat it is to apply the word "it" to the baby, but never having been mothers ourselves, we are prepared to sacrifice their feelings to convenience. To resume: necessary for it to be dressed properly, fed properly, aired and cleaned properly. We all of us have the same needs, too, and we don't always get them. That's the advantage of being a baby. It can live without working—though it works its voice; too, and that usually overtime—and it has no bills to pay and no landlord with gleaming teeth to appease. Sweet, happy hours of babyhood! Would that—but again to resume.

It has been discovered by a well-known scientist who writes exclusively for the Sunday papers, that the indigestion and bad temper of individuals arise solely from the bad training of our earliest years. It is in order to remedy this and to sound a note of timely warning that the following rules for the upbringing of the infant are herewith set forth.

### I.—CLOTHING.

When the baby is six minutes old it should be snugly wrapped in a pair of papa's old pants, blue for girls and pink for boys. In case of blue or pink pants are at the moment, the doctor and the nurse should immediately sit down, and get to work on a pair, placing the baby meanwhile on a roll-top desk, with the lid half-way down, and a thermometer inside to insure the cheerful temperature. The infant need not be left in the pants until it outgrows them, for there are other kinds of duds in plenty.

Some parents approve of bands for the baby. If these are used they should be of the best brass in order to prevent warping. Do not use bands of German manufacture, as they are said to affect the drum of the ear. Patterns for bands can be obtained always at the Breddanbutcher Company. Never put highly colored shirts on the baby. You will find it sufficiently loud without such, especially at night. If the shirts are of wool they must not be pulled over the infant's eyes, for they don't cotton to that sort of thing. Avoid passing the blade of a safety-pin through the baby's flesh when fastening the shirt; it may be only a simple superstition, but it is supposed to beget trouble, and the chances are certainly ten of one that it will raise some kind of a row.

For dresses, the following suggestion may be taken as an example. The skirt should be of the best flannel, with three borders of two-colored straw, a long streamer of tulle in front and seven breadths of chiffon cut off the bias. Buttons of purple silk should also be worn on the side—not too near the mouth. Let the bodice be of green silk folder, with batiste ribbons up and down, cross-cross, and cat-a-corner, a collar of pleated poppies eight inches in width and cuffs of very pliant taffeta. This costume is considered by connoisseurs a corker.

Wrappers and socks are too cruel until the baby is old enough to know better. Only kind and good-humored nurses should be employed, who will not wrap the infant over the knuckles nor seek to "ump" them. A burglar's baby should wear booties, however.

For cold weather, double the above amount, in every case.

### II.—FEEDING.

Many an innocent baby's health has been irretrievably spoiled by placing sugar of lead instead of sugar of milk in its bottle. This is always to be avoided, even with the strongest infants. Remember that the baby don't know nothing, poor little soul, and would just as soon hit itself on the nose with a stick of dynamite as with papa's eyeglasses.

The best authorities consider it au fait, sil vous plait, and hors de combat not to use the milk from one cow only, but to strike an average with several, but the parents' circumstances must decide this point. There is usually not room for more than one cow in a Harlem flat, so what are you going to do? A pony might be squeezed in, if it's

### A RELIEF.

The wind was whistling shrilly about the eaves, now high, now low, but unceasingly whistling. Outside all was gloom, and in the large draughty hall where the lights flickered sat a man who was listening to the whistling of the wind. Though the scene was one which an oldtime novelist would have used in order to give an impression of misery or to lead up to a midnight murder, the man in the gusty hall was the picture of happiness. But see! Another now enters. They converse. Let us listen.

"It is an awful night. How the wind whistles!"

"Yes. Isn't it lovely to hear the wind?"

"What! Do you enjoy it?"

"Certainly! Though it has been whistling for hours, it hasn't whistled one of those d—d popular airs that make our lives one long nightmare. Let it whistle on!"

### NOVEL VIEW OF IT.

Two St. Louis gentlemen were talking at their dinner about a recent society event. One said:

"He being sixty years old, and she only twenty, makes it a very unequal marriage."

"It is not so unequal after all. You see when he gazes at his pretty young girl wife he is so happy that he looks twenty years younger; and when she looks at his gray hair and wrinkled face, she is so disgusted that she looks twenty years older; so you see they are not so very far apart after all."

### MATRIMONIAL.

Johnnie Fewscads and Gus De Smith were talking about matrimony, and the latter remarked:

"They say that the happiest marriages are between people who are not at all alike."

"That's so, and that's the reason I'm not going to marry until I find a woman with lots of money," replied the impetuous yearner for domestic happiness.

### WHY SHE SMILED.

"I wonder why Mrs. Dixon smiles every time I meet her," remarked Mrs. Roberts to her husband.

"I told you you would get caught sending out the New Year's cards you got last year. You probably sent back to Mrs. Dixon the very card she sent you last year. Be more careful in the future or you will get some of your copy back," added Mr. Roberts, who writes funny jokes for the papers.

is a little pony, but ponies don't give milk in this climate, and it is not advisable to crowd the nursery. Besides, the baby might step on the pony.

Beef, mixed with condensed milk, is very nutritious, but the steak should be cut into small squares, certainly not larger than lumps of sugar, and mingled well with the milk. Fentone the steak carefully, and draw off from the can into the baby's mouth with gas tubing.

If using cream, remove all traces of chocolate first, and then freeze.

Don't give the baby too much food. Babies have not particularly grateful dispositions, and they know themselves just how much they want. They usually let you know it, too. This is always embarrassing when visitors are present.

The nursing-bottle should be plain but attractive, having the brightly colored label of the brand previously contained on the outside. Rinse it carefully, however, before using, and remove every trace of whiskey. Bore a hole through the

cork large enough for the baby's fist to go through; its lots of fun. If there is any food left in the bottle after the baby is through feeding don't throw it away. Give it to the janitor in lieu of a tip.

III.—BATHING.  
For a real bright baby use Sapolio.

### IV.—FINAL HINTS.

To keep the baby's clothes always at hand use the drawers of a bureau. If the parents cannot afford a cradle the drawers are convenient to place the baby in.

Don't get into the habit of rocking the baby, for if it doesn't get it, it will never rock it. The same rule, of course, might be said about food and clothes; but there, don't let's be selfish! But mothers like to rock the baby because they can then hug to themselves, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, lumtum;" but this is

where a father's authority should step in.

While sleep is very important to the health of the baby, it is equally so to that of the parents. Sufficient stress, therefore—either with the bare hand or the slipper—should be laid upon the young one to this effect when it rouses the echoes of night.

If the clothes are cut from cheese cloth see to it that there are no pieces of cheese concealed in the garments. It is not advisable to put the kid on the cheese too soon in life.

When the baby is sick send for the doctor. However, when the doctor is sick do not send for him.

Wheatcakes and lager beer or walnuts on chocolate cream should not be given to babies under six days old.

Never keep plenty of corn salve in the house.

Papa will need it after traversing the floor in the wee sma' hours with the wee sma' offspring.

Babies are proverbially hard to hold when they are restive at night, for they make constant ef-

forts to squirm themselves loose into the atmosphere. This is why they are called offspring.

Don't ill-treat the baby. There is a great difference between a spanking youngster and a spanked one. Never suspend it on the chandeliers or jab at it with the umbrella. No!

Don't teach the baby to say curse words or to play cards. Some parents think it cunning to do so, but they display their poor sense.

Don't throw it in the baby's teeth in the years to come that you took such an awful lot of trouble over it. Had it been consulted about coming into the world the probability is that it would have sternly declined. It owes you nothing more than a grudge.

Don't refer in the presence of visitors to the baby's little nap as a napkin. This is important.

Finally, if nothing else, consult the advice of your doctor, ay, even to the extent of following the above instructions. Remember only that we strive to please and cannot be held responsible for anything.

DAVID H. DODGE.

## HIS INTERROGATORY CIRCLE

"Say, pa," began little Clarence Callipers, the rising infection of one who earnestly desires to acquire important information, "what?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied his long-suffering sire wearily.

"You don't know what, pa?"

"I don't know the answer to the question are about to ask."

"Why, you don't know what I am going to do, pa?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then, if you don't know the question, ho you know you don't know the answer to it, p?"

"Because I know I don't know! I don't

want it if the more a man gets the more

wants, nor whether the Maine Reed was eve

notably related to the late Maine Reid, nor w

many men with the big head wear such

shirts, nor whether I should have preferred to

Harriet Beecher Stowe or the Pope's toe, no

two-faced men are so common and two-b

girls so scarce, nor why the average girl

ready to trust her heart with a young man

no self-respecting butcher would trust w

ready to make a jack of himself hates so to

somebody else make a monkey of him, nor wh

first hoo-hoo was, nor why half a man us

himselfs the whole thing, nor how

many nor how few is a few; I don't know

to any others of the multitude of foolish que

that you are prone to ask if you are not restra

So now, my dear son, if you do not at once

your breath instead of blowing it out an

of an arrow, taking your interrogatory g

you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. But the question I wanted to

didn't foolish, pa."

"Hm?" If it isn't foolish you may go ahead

ask it. But, remember, just one question,

no more."

"Well, pa, there are two of 'em that I wa

One is, which is the smartest, the man

knows enough to know that he don't know

or the man who knows enough to look

knew everything? The other is, if the end o

world was to come and the earth be destr

while a man was up in a balloon where woul

lend when he came down? And, pa, I don't

which one of 'em to ask."

### WANTED A BROTHER.

"Mamma," asked four-year-old Georgie, "

little boys made oft?"

"Dust, my son," replied the mother.

Later, little Georgie saw his mother abo

empty the contents of the dustpan into the st

"Don't do that, mamma!" he cried. "T

enough dust there to make me a baby brot

cycle to fit it?"

### A YOUNG STRATEGIST.

Johnnie—Papa, see what I've found—a bi

Papa—What are you going to do with it, J

nnie?—Well, ain't you going to buy

every

### DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE.

Mrs. Chaffie—Johnnie, you must be more ol

ent. When I was a child I always obeyed

parents.

Johnnie (incredulously)—That's just what

going to say to my children some day.

### HER NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

Young Slowpoke—Do you know, Miss Dol

am something of a mind-reader? I can—tell

read your thoughts now.

Dolly Swift—Indeed? Then good-by, Mr. S

poke!

Victims of vanity.

You seem to be pretty busy, doctor," said

Manhattan Beach to a Harlem physician.

"Yes; I am kept on the keen jump day and n

You see the women who wear fur-lined circ

wear them open so as to show their fur, and

sequently there is an epidemic of coughs, c

neuritis and even pneumonia, besides c

bronchial and throat troubles."

### OBJECTIONABLE WITNESS.

Judge—Were you present when the row ba

Witness—I was (turning to the Judge). He

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1898.

SCAN THESE NINE RED JOKES O'ER AND O'ER  
AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE THEIR WIT,

WHY, HOLD THEM UP BEFORE A BUBB,  
AND THEN PERHAPS THEY'LL MAKE A HIT.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS FIND AN OLD CIRCUS RING



Along the jagged mountain  
And down the windy cliff,  
O'er the silent fountain  
That's simply frozen stiff.  
Upon their way they're whirling  
In all their mad-cap glee;  
The snow dust round them swirling  
Like foam upon the sea.

The gay giraffe is wishing  
That he could telescope,  
Quite like the rod for fishing,  
His neck white on the lop-e.  
The ostrich, wildly pining,  
Flap-flaps its bonnet plumes,  
The only smile that's shining  
The polar bear illumines.

"Tis cold," the lion chuckles,  
"You bet it is;" the pig  
Replies, while on his knuckles  
He bows and skips a jig.  
The ostrich, wildly pining,  
Flap-flaps its bonnet plumes,  
The only smile that's shining  
The polar bear illumines.

Tis while they're madly jawing,  
Into a wood they come,  
Where cockatoos are cawing  
On trees of chewing gum.  
They dance beneath the calm leaf  
As lively as they can,  
And bring the mellow palm leaf  
To make the bear a fan.

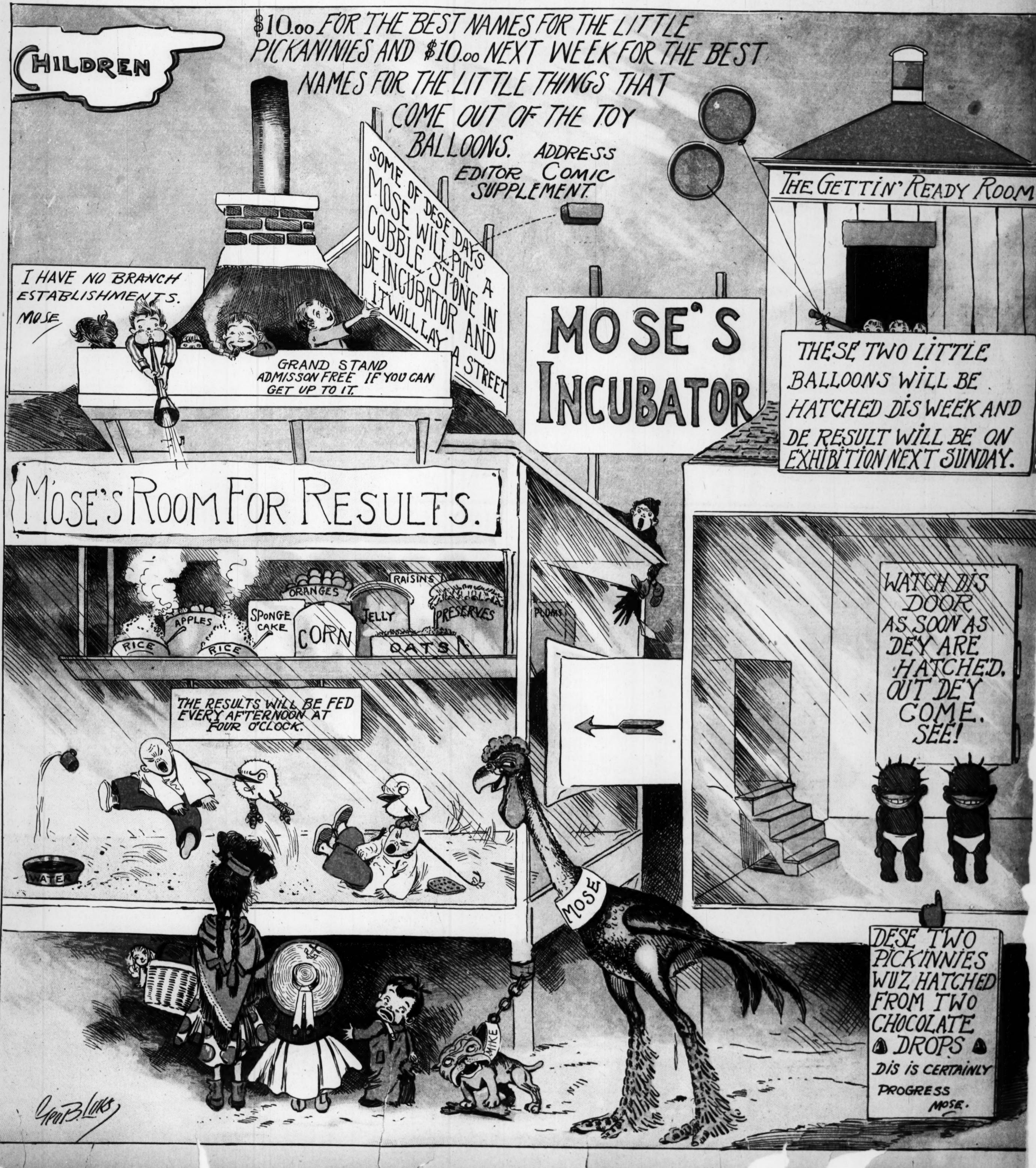
A ring they then discover—  
It is a circus ring,  
Each swiftly as a plover  
Flies round it on the wing.  
With joy the children bristle  
They laugh until they cry;  
To hear the monkeys whistling  
"Norma" to make them fly.

With features gay or tragic,  
Around the ring they pop;  
And find it, through the magic,  
Impossible to stop.  
The monkey tunes entrancing,  
Make all their spirits dance,  
And so they keep on prancing,  
Yet know not why they prance.  
R. K. MUNKITTRICK

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1898.

# 88 MOSE'S INCUBATOR--NEW TWINS HATCHED EACH WEEK&

Who but Mose could hatch two little Chinamen from two china eggs, or two pickaninnies from two chocolate drops? Who, indeed, besides the great trained chicken could capture those two toy balloons, shown below put them in the incubator and hatch out a pair of — but to tell about them would make Mose mad. He's saving them for next week.



CLASSICS TURNED  
INTO TWO COMICS.

## WARNING—SEE?

(After Alfred Austin.)

By William Melcher.  
an, take warning of what I say  
ve your happy home no go away,  
your mother who always loved you  
u was in sickness what didn't she do.

an take warning of what I say  
ink of leaving home too run away

for your mother who has love for you,  
ys be an honest child to your mother so  
ad true.

e are obliged to pass over the strong mater-  
that prevades this poem to criticise is  
nd feet. There is a beauty about the senti-  
style that recalls Byron's Childe Harold's

. But we will not compare Mr. Melcher

latter, because they differ in their views  
lling, grammar and punctuation.

## ESE GRASPING CORPORATIONS.

ss B. J. Coakley, No. 98 Ninth avenue.  
wer of press and labor, they will  
k these corporations; they are vicious  
y are cravens, and the leeches  
nation.

ad war with foreign nations  
would pick up their gold and leave us.  
their yachts they sneak  
reign shores.

pend their gold so vainly, not thinking  
it caring how they got it or gained it,  
thing and degrading  
r and honest toll.

the merchant and the laborer,  
a farmer and the tradesman,  
y would stand hand in hand  
defend native and adopted land,  
e Washington and his little band  
freed this slavonic land.

id fewer blower women and more postesses  
the country would be safer. Every state-  
a Coakley makes is true. But it is the  
d not the politics of her poem that we are  
d to consider. No great effort has been  
rhyming therefore she has been successful  
xtant, at least. But there may be some  
s who will resent being called a Slavonic  
so, we will apologize for Miss Coakley by  
at before the rebellion there were slaves in  
We deem the poem powerful and pretty.

~~~~~  
WHOLESALE CHALLENGE.

(in Arizona)—You had quite an exciting  
our town yesterday, I understand. What  
trouble?

—Why, you see, the editor of the Buck-  
cho wanted to give the citizens the im-  
he had a good deal of sand in his  
he thought he'd begin cussin' som'ciller  
through his paper, and yesterday  
he come out with a long piece sayin'  
editor was goin' to shoot John Smith on  
'ell, sir; that paper hadn't been out more  
an hour before there was forty-seven  
les through the office door. The editor  
y time to think over his blunder, for  
in his cistern all day, and in the evening  
to change the name of the person re-  
in the next issue he got out to some name  
ian or Chinese variety.

~~~~~  
EVEN DROWN OUR ECONOM-  
IC TROUBLES.

narhist—Dls rise in de price of grain is  
dat deserves a little de dynamite.  
Us fellers 'll have ter begin a crusade  
ystacks an' barns of de farmers.

Anarchist—How does de price of grain  
Competition regulates de size of de free-

a superficial reasoner. Don't yer know  
is supposed ter be partly made of grain?

~~~~~  
A BAD BREAK.

Subscriber rushing into editor's sanct-  
ok here, what the devil do you mean by  
that my wife presented me with a fine  
vine?

Swine, sir? Oh, I beg your pardon.  
should have been, of course. A mil-  
A thousand apologies!

~~~~~  
\$20 CHECKS NOWADAYS.

Cheer up, old boy. Don't get discour-  
lton for "Paradise Lost" for \$20, or  
re about that figure.

aged Poet—I know it, but the publishers

you don't appreciate geniuses like they used

~~~~~  
TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

I tell you, old boy, you ought to get  
You don't know what a comfort it is to  
it you've got a wife at home to patch

That's all right, but I prefer to stay  
not have to have my clothes patched.

~~~~~  
DIPLOMATIC.

ur wife ever raise a row with you when  
me full?" I know. When I go home that way  
recitation to be so full that I never knew  
does."

~~~~~  
STRUNG.

that Tarantula Tom was not at the wed-  
the other night," remarked Alkalai Ike. "Did  
the invitation had a string on it?"

answered Cactus Pete, "but the Vigilantes

on Tom."

~~~~~  
NOT SO IN DOMESTICS.

que—This writer says that calamity is a  
the system of progress, that war is an  
of advancement.

Peque—Yes, my dear, but that has refer-  
national affairs.

~~~~~  
IN PHILADELPHIA.

—What is the matter, my dear?  
daughter (in tears)—Charles has been  
irregular in his habits! He went out  
and didn't come home last nig-  
clock.

## HANNA CARTOON TARGET

The Big Republican Boss Was Not Re-Elected Senator from Ohio by the Cartoonists—They Nom-  
inated Him for Almost Anything Else.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM. PROSE CLASSIC TURNED  
INTO A COMIC.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

(After Goldsmith.)

When the washing-machine agent drove up be-  
fore the tavern at Kinnehook he was astonished  
to see the front door swing open and a portly lady  
hog emerge from the building, followed by her  
squalling progeny. Across the street a low-bred  
cow, wearing somebody's best plug hat on her  
southeast horn, thrust her head out of the open  
window of the doctor's office. A hen could be  
heard cackling in the millinery shop not far off.

Looking up and down the village thoroughfare,  
the agent beheld no sign of human life. The  
street was deserted and the buildings seemed  
tenantsless. Here and there a door slowly swung  
in the breeze. A sick horse lay groaning in front  
of the post-office; further down the street four dogs  
were engaged in an ensanguined combat, and no  
men or boys came to view the interesting spectac-  
les. Presently a crippled man came hobbling  
around the nearest corner.

"I am glad to see you, my friend," saluted the  
agent. "I had begun to think that everybody had  
left the village."

"They have—all but me," replied the cripple,  
leaning on his crutches. "And I am escaping as  
fast as I can."

"Great Scott! What is the matter? Has the  
breaking out of a pestilence driven the people  
away?"

"Not exactly a pestilence, but something sim-  
ilar. Tell you how it was: The trouble had been  
brewing for a long time, growing by degrees, till it  
the village was transformed from a peaceful, pros-  
perous hamlet to the abode of suspicion and un-  
rest, discord and anarchy. The seeds were sown  
when a young woman dropped down here and  
began to teach our youths and maidens the Del-  
arte method of lopping around and being good  
for nothing."

"About the same time a female band was  
started, and that caused much unrest. Pretty  
soon a professional leg-puller came along and orga-  
nized the society young ladies and gentlemen  
in a charity minstrel company, and there was  
shame in many households. Soon the local deb-  
ating society got an interesting discussion started  
which presently permeated the entire village and  
caused many a house to be divided against itself.  
Then a schism broke loose in the church and split  
it wide open. A little later a woman doctor of  
exceedingly attractive personality set up shop and  
was provocative of family quarrels galore.

"These were some of the reasons that made the  
village grow more and more undesirable as a place  
of residence, and numbers of the inhabitants  
moved away from time to time. Others who  
yearned to go did not have sufficient excuse till it  
was furnished by a prying demon who discovered  
a flaw in the original title of most of the real  
estate in the hamlet. Then, at last, when  
every body had gone who could conveniently get away,  
there came the announcement that an Uncle Tom's  
Cabin Company would close its season here day  
after to-morrow and its members remain for some  
time while they recuperated their wasted energies  
and reorganized the aggregation for another tour.  
Thereupon the remainder of the inhabitants, ex-  
cept myself, fled like frightened rabbits."

"Great guns, what a time!" exclaimed the agent.

"But why didn't you go, too?"

"Wul," answered the old man, "I reckon the  
ole goose did too, but the question is still  
open, an' if ye wanter come in on hit ye kin.  
Jes' climb down from yer hoss an take off yer  
coat."

But I declined, and  
rode on.

## EXCITING.

Juddock — Where  
were you last night?Haddock — Up at  
Strikefire's, to his  
birthday party.Juddock (sarcastically)  
— I suppose you had  
a wild night of it.Haddock (seriously)  
— Precisely.Juddock — Eh? Why  
how?Haddock — Well, ev-  
erything was as placid  
as even you supposed

until they brought in  
the birthday cake. It  
had thirty-seven lighted  
candles in it, one for  
each year, you know,

and, of course, Strike-

fire had to blow them  
all out before he could  
cut it. Somehow or  
other his whiskers  
caught fire while he  
was doing it, and his  
boy emptied a pitcher  
of water over his head  
to quell the conflagra-  
tion. Thereupon Strike-

fire ungratefully spanked  
the kid, and he got  
even by kicking the cat  
viciously. It then had

a fit and scared Mrs.

Strikefire so she faint-  
ed. Strikefire started  
to bring her to by rub-  
bing her face with har-  
lequin ice cream, and I  
decided it was best to  
leave before she reviv-  
ed. So I don't know  
whether they had any  
more fun or not. As a  
birthday party it may  
not have been entirely  
successful, but as a  
high old time it was  
most exhilarating.

Great guns, what a time!" exclaimed the agent.

"Such was my intention when I hopped off  
the roof of my residence yesterday morning  
strapped up in a flying machine of my own in-  
vention, but owing to the fact that it flew not 1

and manufacturing these crutches that I have only  
just begun my escape now."

"My poor friend!" was the feeling reply. "Let  
me help you into my buck-board and we will es-  
cape together!"

TOP P. MORGAN.

## A DAILY TRAGEDY.

There was a strange light in his eye. He was  
gnashing his teeth, and in his hand he held a  
gleaming knife.

Those present were appalled. They became  
pale and trembled like farm wagons on a stormy  
road. Helpless, they thought of rushing from the  
room, but their limbs seemed paralyzed and re-  
fused to move. What could they do? Nothing.

Yet all would soon be over. This was the last  
course, and the man who was eating pie with his  
knife would soon be with the throng outside.

## THE STYLE.

"Oh, I love the tinkle tinkle of the tinkle  
tinkle tinkle!"

To scribble lots of lines like that one never needs  
to think.

So why at writing poetry should any person funk.

When all they need to say.

In a graceful, easy way,

Is "I love the tinkle tinkle of the tinkle tinkle  
tinkle tinkle tinkle?"

## A SINECURE.

Raggle—Would yer take a job if yer could  
git it?

Trotter—Well, I might try somethin' in ther  
professional line if I could git it.

Raggle—Sich as what, fer instance?

Trotter—I'd like ter play a match game of  
chess wid a Philadelphia man, and have de first  
move. After dat de job'd be jest my size.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE PERHAPS.

Mrs. Chaffie—Where is your father?

Nellie—He is in the library.

"What is he doing?"

"Reading a copy of 'Life.'"

"Well, wake him up and tell him there is a  
visitor here who wishes to see him."

## MEAN.

Young Wife—The Bible tells us to cast our bread  
upon the waters and it will return to us a hundred  
fold.

Young Husband—Well, for heaven's sake. Mary,  
don't cast any of the bread you make upon the  
waters, then.

## A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Twynn—I hear that Skidmore has led the Widow  
Weeds to the altar.

Triplett—That is what it is called for politeness

sake, but from my post of observation it looked as  
though the widow were a neck ahead of him all  
the way up the aisle.

## LITERARY PERILS.

NO. I.

## THE WRITERS' REST CURE.

"Our largest item of expense is for writing materials," remarked the genial Medical Superintendent of the Literary Workers' Sanitarium. "The patients all write, and most of them all the time. We have been obliged to restrain only two, who now occupy the padded cells. One fancies himself Alfred Austin, and the other has an unfortunate hallucination that she is Mire, Sarah Grand. Of course it is necessary to be severe with these two cases, especially as the Austin fellow is always mistaking me for the late Lord Tennyson and trying to assassinate me. No. 711 is a sad case. He believes himself to be Stephen Crane. Here is one of his late efforts, and unless we can induce him to change his style we fear he will have to be placed in the incurable ward."

"The Man entered a place which glittered dazzlingly, alluringly. Eight encircled him. Around and around he was conducted, through frequent, boisterous conversation, loud, unceasing. To the Man this last seemed to possess a quality of monotony. One phrase pervaded, informed, inspired it. The phrase was, 'What are you going to have?' It annoyed the Man. It was never addressed to him.

"A figure in white confronted him. It seemed the genius of the place. This addressing the Man was soon aware of a tall, crystalline vessel in whose depths glowed amber shadowings, whose crown was like the crest of some great rampant bellow-snowy, foaming. To this the man applied himself. The foaming crown, the amber depths disappeared slowly, yet with the inevitability of an inexorable Fate. Later it seemed as though Trouble made her gray presence known. The Man was without the Price.

"Dark, violet waves seemed surging to engulf him, streaked with scintillant lights. And by by he found himself cold, confused, yet still living, on the dark, elevated-overshadowed street. He started from a deep reverie into which he had fallen and made his way to the saloon on the other corner."

"I must be superhumanly endowed, doctor," I admitted, "to grapple with that case."

"Oh, No. 333 is even more difficult. Poor fellow, he used to write for the juvenile publications, and we think here that that probably led to his aberration. While he continues to send things like these to Harper's Round Table and St. Nicholas, we fear there is no prospect of relief," and the doctor submitted the following:

"Algernon tried on the green-goods game With a tall cowboy who from Texas came. The Texan flew the coop with the bills, While Algy slumbers in Cypress Hills."

"Maggie went to work one day. When she came home there was h—l to pay. The old man had taken her Easter bonnet. To Park Row and made a two-spot on it."

"When Timothy toyed with the knock-out drops He ran up against a brace of fly cops; Tim was o'er taken by swift retribution: He now dates his mail from a State institution."

The doctor then introduced me into a room where one patient was busily at work.

"You will observe," remarked the doctor, "that he is writing upon a Harveyized steel plate with a diamond-tipped stylus. Yes, it is expensive, but nothing else will stand the strain. We tried tools, slate, blackboards and marble slabs, but this dialect queers them all. Mondays he thinks he's J. M. Barrie, Tuesdays he's sure he's Stevenson, Wednesdays S. M. Crockett, and the rest of the week he calls himself Me' an' McLaren. I am sorry to say these plates show signs of cracking; was permitted to glance over the patient's shoulder and caught a fragment:

"'Aw, Sandie, an' what wud I be doin' in Amurrica, mon?'

"'Dinna fash yersel', man Wullie. Ye canna miss it. The Podunk Golf Links is in sair need o' a professional player, an' ye need do nae mair than mak yer hor there.'"

"'Dinna ye ken, Sandie, I ken nae mair about that yersel'?"

"'Whiles ye astonish me, Wullie. An' what has gaff to do wi' you? Hae ye nae a braw dialect? 'Tis na th' golf play that counts in yon pairts; 'tis th' th' dialect. Sae mind ye speak only the broad Scots, and Gude be wif ye!"

At this point the Harveyized plate gave way with a loud report and, as the patient immediately became very violent and commenced throwing large chunks of dialect at the Superintendent, I hastily terminated my visit.

~~~~~

## GRATITUDE IN PEAVILLE.

(From the Peaville Boomerang.)

The undersigned hereby desires to thank the many kind friends and neighbors who do me what they could during the late illness and death of his wife, and who made the funeral the success it was in every particular, and were otherwise kind and neighborly. I am late bereavement. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Also I will have a public sale at my place of Friday evening at which I will sell to the highest bidder three yearling calves. Your head of horses, some twenty breeding hens, a number of articles of female wearing apparel almost as good as new belonging to my late companion, whose loss I am compelled to deplore, although she is better off up there. Also several fattening hogs, garden utensils, household furniture, crockery ware and other things too numerous to mention. Crackers and cheese free at the above sale, and dinner to all who buy over three dollars worth.

Gone from our midst is one I loved.

Her vacant chair I see.

But then she's better off above.

Than down on earth with me.

Terms of sale cash, or will take notes with good security.

ZIMRI DODD.

\* \* \* \* \*

## JUVENILE SAYINGS.

Several ragged urchins were listening with interest, not unmixed with envy, to one of their number who was relating a harrowing tale of his experiences while being separated from a cent which he had swallowed and which had stuck in his throat. At the climax of the narrative one of his audience broke in with: "Humph, that ain't nothin'. I swallowed a dollar once and the doctor had to pull it out a penny at a time."

## HIS LITTLE GAME.

"This pie is excellent, Sister Smith," remarked little Rodney at the supper table, addressing his mother with unctuous solemnity; and then, after a pause, repeating the statement: "This pie is excellent, Sister Smith! What trick are you up to now, Rodney?" asked the good woman, in surprise.

"No trick at all," answered the lad. "That's what the minstrels say, and he always gets another piece."

## AN END OF HIM.

Friend (entering sanctum)—I didn't see anything in your last issue from the correspondent out at Frozen Man. He is a finished write, in my way of thinking.

Able Editor (Death Gulch Scorpion)—Yes, he is a finished writer, all right enough! Came in day before yesterday and called us a—have we finished him?

## VERY POPULAR.

Spokes—That girl across the room has more calls than any other woman in town.

Spokes—She is not particularly pretty. Who is she?

Spokes—She's a telephone girl at Central.

## IN CONFIDENCE.

Old Friend—Well, since I saw you last you've grown to be a wealthy and respected citizen.

Great Criminal Lawyer—Yes; c— yet, between you and me, a considerable part of my money was obtained by burglary.

## DISCREET.

I told Biggins I could thrash him, boasted little Dicky, swaggeringly.

"What did he say?" " Didn't say anything, the coward—at least nothing that I could hear. I hung up the receiver and came away from the telephone."

## BELOW ZERO.

Mrs. Mainprop—What's this "polar sexus" that the papers are always talking about?

Mr. M.—Guess it must mean the Boston girl.

Fred X., the well-known artist and writer, tells this anecdote (which is not well-known at all) about himself. Not that the fact that Fred X. is an artist and a writer has anything to do with the point of the story. Far from it. He were a grocer and undertaker, or a banker and floor-walker, the point would remain the same. It's one of those permanent points—like Point Judith or the Point of Pines, you know.

For the Point of Pines, you know.

The foregoing paragraph shows the difference between an expert space writer and an amateur.

~~~~~

## HERE'S THE SHORTEST DURATION OF BLISSFUL IGNORANCE ON RECORD.

Johnson—Now, Jacksop, yo' hold de bar to de fence hol' an' I'll go ober an' put de chickens in it—

~~~~~

Johnson meets an obstacle, which gives

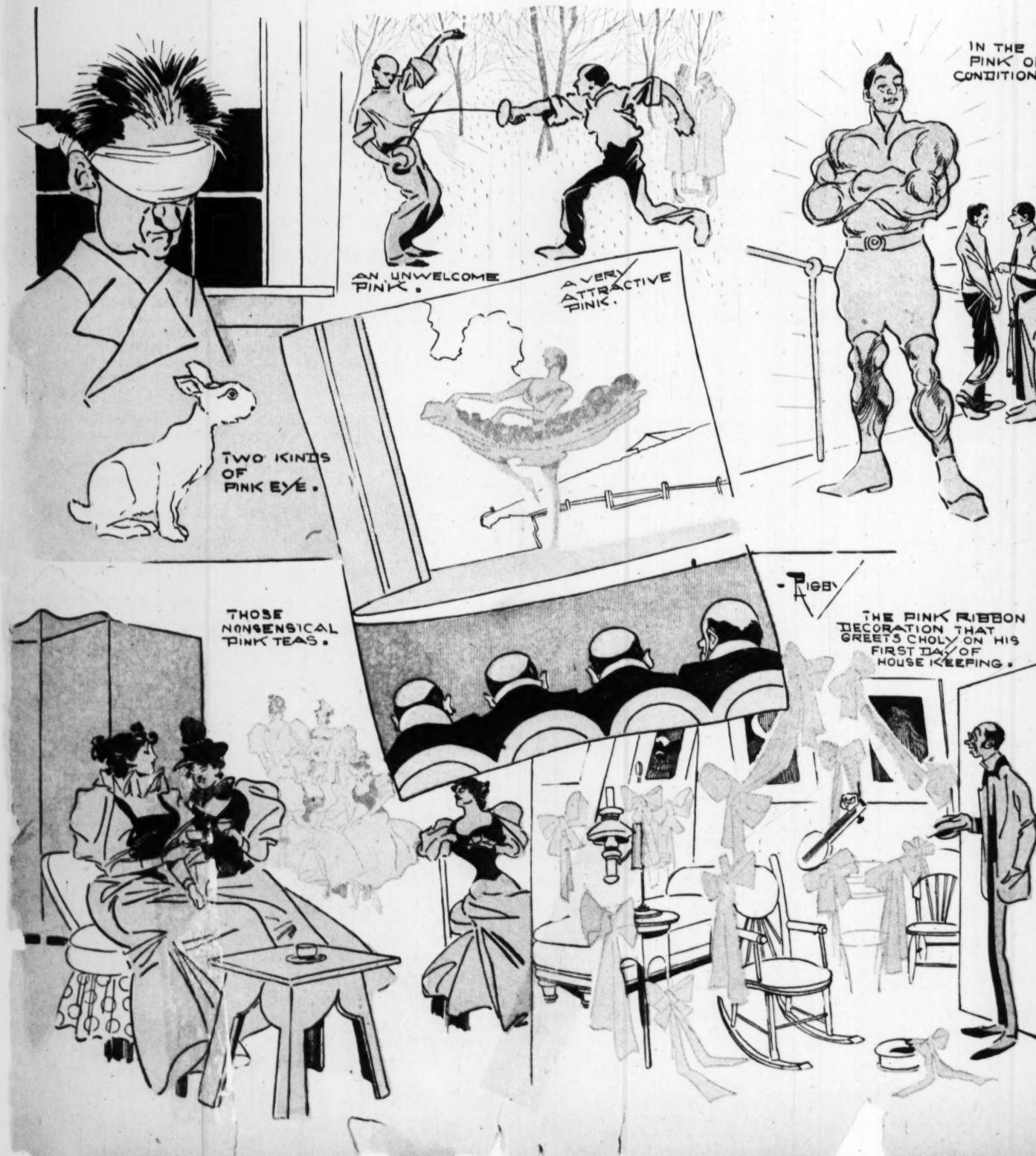
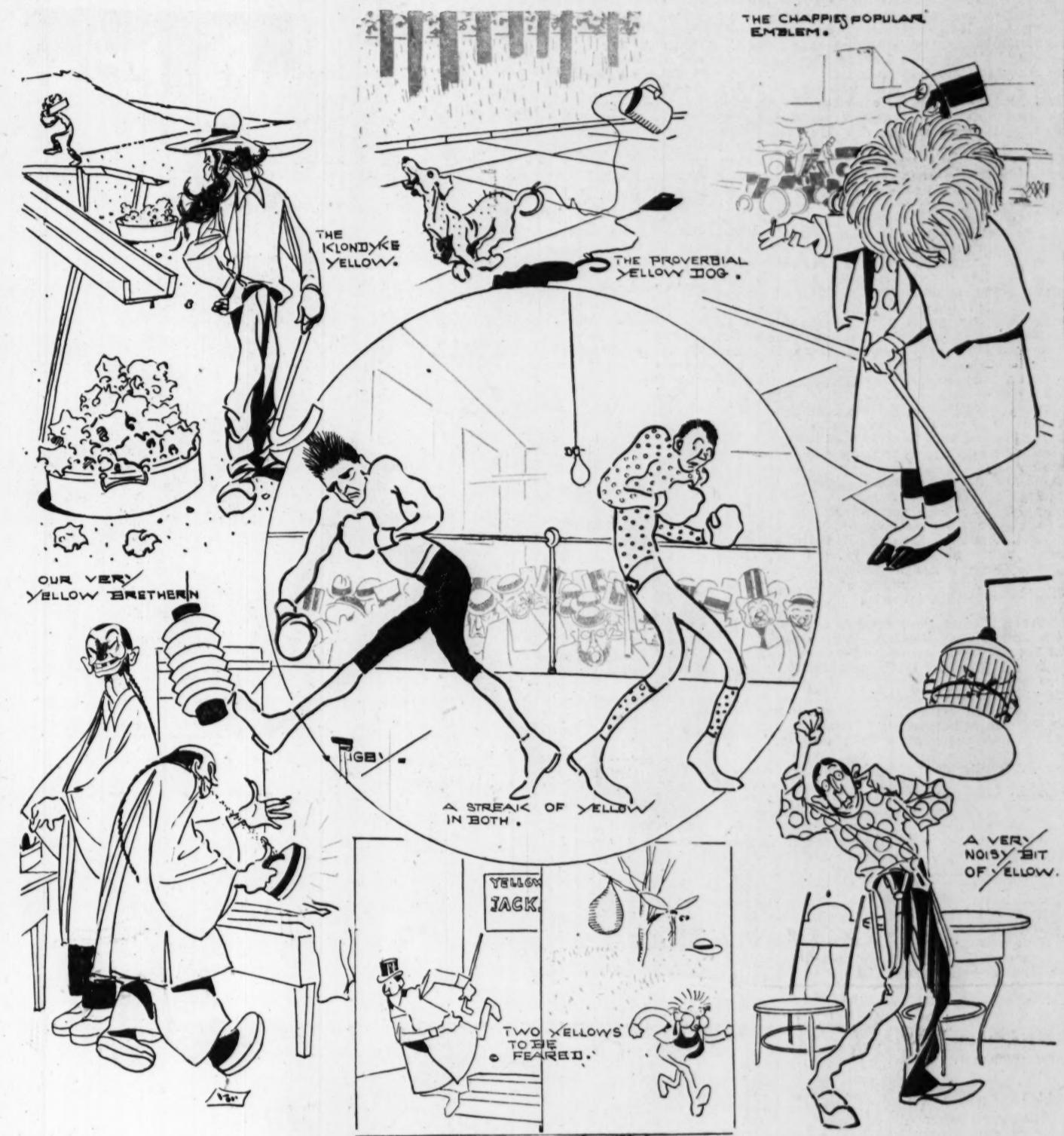
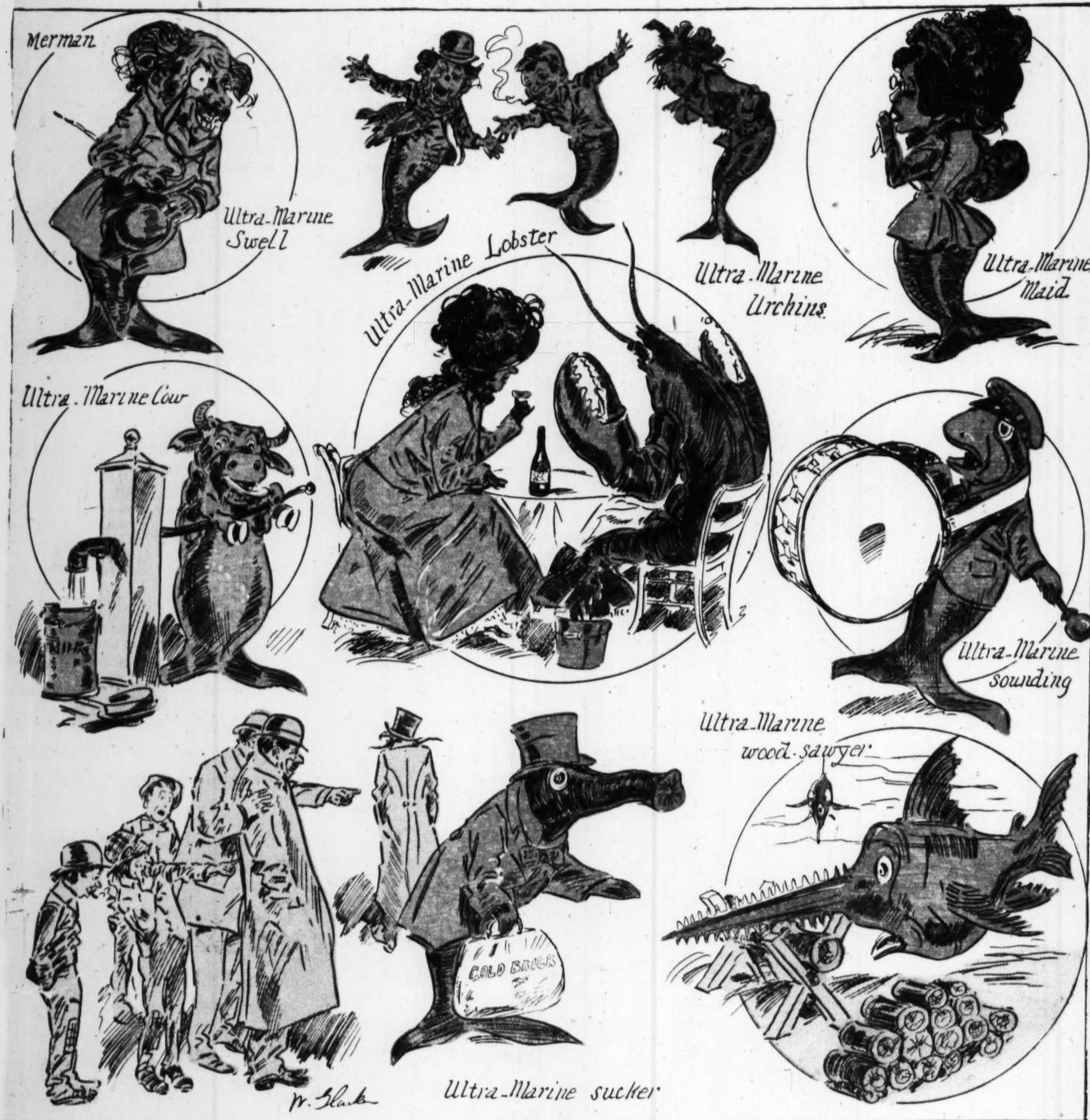
the dog a chance.

~~~~~

Johnson—Here's a merry menu chams.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1898.

HERE ARE FOUR SLICES OF COLOR FUN  
IN YELLOW, PINK, MARINE AND GREEN:  
MOST EVERY HUE UNDER AND IN THE SUN.  
ALL A-GLIMMIE, A-SHIMMIE, A-SHEEN.



# THE WOMAN'S WORLD



## THE CLUBWOMAN.

The clubwoman is now an established fact. She is a potent factor in the social life of our towns and cities and is fast asserting herself in political circles.

The clubwoman is in direct contradiction to the accepted type of clubman. Men's clubs are for social purposes almost always, but a woman's club is a serious affair. To womankind the club is a stepping-stone to the higher plane of education for which they all sigh.

The average woman who figures in the life of the New York clubs can hold her own with even our most famous after-dinner speechmakers. She can face an audience and argue her subject with ease and skill, carrying weight with her dignified bearing and clear-cut, incisive language.

The Sunday World presents to-day this woman, so typical not only of New York club life but of the progress of the century. The strong features reproduced in the photograph tell their own story. That the original is working for the advancement of her sex goes without saying.

TYPES OF NEW YORK WOMEN.  
V. THE CLUB WOMAN

MRS. O'CONNOR IRWIN, A MEMBER OF THE RAINY DAY CLUB, IN THE CLUB COSTUME.  
(From a photograph taken by Edwees for the Sunday World.)

## HOME EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

HERE is no reason why the bicycler woman, the tennis woman and the golf woman should become "soft," to use an athletic term, during the cool weather.

s Eleonora Patroni makes the interesting statement that any woman may both put herself and keep fit in excellent physical condition by exercising fifteen minutes a day. Miss Patroni is an instructor of physical culture at No. 73 Orange street, Brooklyn, knows whereof she speaks.

Her statement is more interesting because she says no apparatus is required. Thus the saleswoman, maker or other wage-earner is placed on equal

terms with the woman of wealth, or rather on better terms, because she probably has no indigence or superfluous flesh to combat.

Miss Patroni posed for the illustrations which accompany this article, and has the following to say in explanation of them:

"Fifteen minutes a day spent in exercise at home will result in good physical and muscular development, good health and in a good figure provided, of course, the general laws of health are observed.

"Some women are too stout and others are too thin. I will describe four exercises, which are illustrated with this article, that will develop and preserve physical symmetry."

"Health is produced and reached by the proper exercise of all the cells, nerves and blood vessels, thus keeping the physical structure in good condition.

critical treatment agreed with him that the work was indeed very good.

## A FAMOUS WOMAN SCULPTOR.

"Voilà! C'est fini, M. Knoedler," said little Renée de Veriane with a sigh of satisfaction as she regarded critically the completed bust of Roland F. Knoedler.

"Bon! Tres bon!" said M. Knoedler, and everybody

It was at Knoedler's Gallery, corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, where Mlle. de Veriane has been at work since her arrival in this country a few weeks ago. The young sculptor's fame had preceded her. The beautiful ideal statue in heroic size of the old sculptor, Jean Doujon, which Mlle. de Veriane exhibited last spring at the French Salon, won her not only honors from the Salon but a national reputation in France and warm recognition from the artistic circles of both hemispheres.

When Mlle. de Veriane announced her intention of visiting America several orders for statues and busts were at once cabled to her.

The first work that she has undertaken during this visit is the bust of Mr. Knoedler, to which she was giving the finishing touches when a World photographer was permitted to take the accompanying pictures.

Four years ago Mlle. de Veriane made her first visit in America. At that time she filled a few small orders. A sister of Mlle. de Veriane, who accompanied her on this visit, achieved considerable notoriety in Paris on account of having the smallest feet in France. She took a prize in Paris offered to the wearer of the smallest slipper, and while in New York received a second prize in another Cinderella contest.

Renee de Veriane is a pupil of the well-known sculptors, A. Mercie and Peynot. She has been working for eight years and has exhibited for several seasons at the French Salon.

She has made busts in marble of many well-known men in France, among whom are M. Marcel Deprez, a member of the Institute Dupuyt, and M. Signorino, a celebrated lawyer in Paris.

A statuette called "Reveil" Mlle. de Veriane is now doing in marble for the next Salon.

Her works representing sporting subjects, however, have gained the greatest popularity in Paris.

Mlle. de Veriane has the honor of being the first sculptor to immortalize the bicyclist in marble.

This little woman is more than talented. In addition to her artistic skill, she holds a position as correspondent to two well-known journals of Paris, Le Velo, a daily sporting newspaper, and La Fronde, a weekly magazine devoted to topics of interest to women, and, moreover, edited and run exclusively by women.

Mlle. de Veriane is sending weekly letters, illustrated by herself, descriptive of American life as she sees it and American fashions, to impress her.

Renee de Veriane is now only about twenty-five years of age, yet has already accomplished more than falls to an ordinary woman's lifetime.

She has a bright, expressive face, lighted up by wonderful dark eyes and surrounded by a mass of fluffy black hair.

As yet Mlle. de Veriane speaks very little English, but she is taking daily lessons in the language, and hopes before the end of her visit here to converse with us in our own tongue.

When at work on large statues Mlle. de Veriane wears the French bicycle costume, consisting of a skirt to the knee and a loose blouse.

Mlle. de Veriane is no "poseuse." When necessary she will don any costume that facilitates her work, but for the busts and statuettes, which entail little climbing of ladders and scaffolding, she has no thought of effect, and wears simply her ordinary dress, protected by a gay little Japanese apron.

"The first illustration is for the strengthening and improving of the calf.

"Stand erect, with hands outstretched on a level with the shoulders, and slowly raise yourself on your toes as far as possible. Retain this position for an instant and then sink back on to the entire foot. Do this twenty times a day at first and increase each day to a reasonable limit.

"This will result in a gradual but satisfactory improvement of the legs, liver and stomach.

"The second picture illustrates the development of the thigh. Place the hands on the hips, and, resting all the weight of the body on the right foot, slowly raise the left leg extending it in front of the body. Bend at the knee, pointing the toe downward and bringing the foot up. Repeat this ten times at first. Then stand on the left foot and repeat the exercise in reverse.

"The third picture illustrates an exercise which will make the body supple and strengthen the back. Women's backs cannot be too strong nor their bodies too supple. Suppleness lends grace.

"Stand erect and lean over at the hips without bending the knees and try to touch the floor with the fingers. Day by day you will come nearer and nearer the floor.

"Picture number four illustrates an excellent general exercise.

"Extend the right arm, and, placing the left on the hip, bend to the right side as far as possible, and then reverse the exercise. This exercise should be repeated ten times at first and, like all the others, increased from day to day as many changes in circumstances will permit.

"No woman should indulge in any exercise to such an extent that even the slightest strain is possible."

Miss Patroni is an interesting young woman. While she has exercising rooms with shower baths and other appurtenances, she makes a specialty of calling upon many of her patrons at their homes, accompanied by a masseur, and putting them through a course of calisthenics, after which they are given a massage treatment.

## A FAMOUS WOMAN SCULPTOR.

"Voilà! C'est fini, M. Knoedler," said little Renée de Veriane with a sigh of satisfaction as she regarded critically the completed bust of Roland F. Knoedler.

"Bon! Tres bon!" said M. Knoedler, and everybody

school," and how on examination of the bust there was great excitement as to whether "mamma" had come out from her "criticisms" as fortunately as themselves.

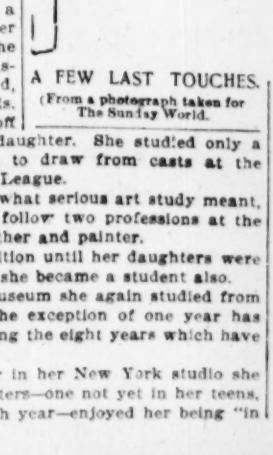
"I really feel that my girls are nearer to me than this," she began, as she exhibited a charcoal sketch executed by the elder one when accompanying her to the life class last summer. "She is to be an illustrator." Mrs. Sturdevant explained, "and is considered promising already.

"You see," she went on, "I believe drawing is a logical faculty the same as mathematics, and that any person who is normally intelligent may develop one as easily as the other.

"After three years' study at the Metropolitan, where we were under the criticism of Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Mowbray, I was recommended for two frescoes which were exhibited in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair in Chicago.

"Then I went abroad, to Paris, and studied with Raphael Collin in his garden studio at Fontenay-aux-Roses for three summers. The first year I received honorable mention in the Salon when I exhibited 'A Portrait of a Lady,' which afterward was bought by a nephew of John Bright. My second year I exhibited 'The Lady Blanche' and 'Castles in Spain.' Since then I have been making studies which are not finished.

"When spring comes I shall go into the country and work, as I like best the serious work out of doors—figures in the open air like this one, for example," and Mrs. Sturdevant pointed to a young girl in shimmering white dancing in a sun-flecked arbor. This canvas was seen at the spring exhibition in the National Academy.

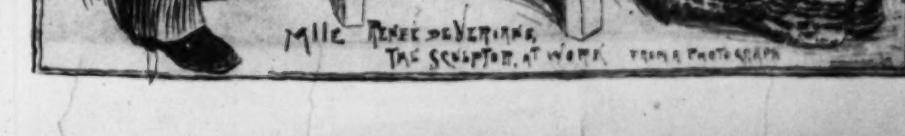


A FEW LAST TOUCHES  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World.)

Illustrations on opposite page

**THIRD MEDAL** is the highest honor ever given an American woman in the Salon proper. Honorable mention, the degree lower, has been conferred upon Mrs. A. D. Sturdevant, after but six years of study. As a child she drew well, but the longing of her heart for serious art study was not satisfied until she was a woman and the mother of two children. Then she consulted her first master, William Morgan, and, as she laughingly tells, wanted to begin right off with a portrait of her little daughter. She studied only a few weeks, then began to draw from casts at the American Art Students' League. She soon realized just what serious art study meant, and that she could not follow two professions at the same time—those of mother and painter. She put aside her ambition until her daughters were well on in school. Then she became a student also. At the Metropolitan Museum she again studied from the antique, and with the exception of one year has been a full-time student during the eight years which have followed.

When talking with her in her New York studio she spoke of how her daughters—one not yet in her teens, the other in her sixteenth year—enjoyed her being "in



## GIRL MINIATURE ARTIST.

A YOUNG artist has appeared in New York who bids fair to make an enviable place in the artistic world. Miss Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelley has not yet reached the twentieth, and her advance would seem phenomenal had she not from her early childhood used pencil and brush.

Painting with Miss Kelley is the natural outlet of an artistic nature, coupled with a woman's quick perception of character. Her intensity, earnestness and devotion to even the drudgery of art study have been furthered by wide opportunities.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alpen Kelley, of Columbus, O., and both sides of her family include classical scholars. Her great-great-grandfather, Francis Dunlevy, was one of the framers of the Ohio

## MISS. G. D. KELLEY

## AND HER BEST WORK:

MISS CLARKE'S BEST SCENE IN "THE HIGHWAYMAN."  
(From her latest photograph.)

Constitution and Judge when his circuit embraced almost a third of the State. Her grandfather, Alfred Kelley, was most prominent in the history of Ohio in the thirties and forties. Many of Miss Kelley's ancestors have always been actors.

Her home in Columbus, O., is a massive stone manor of pure Ionic style, built seventy years ago. Its interior is filled with the collections of many lands and Miss Kelley's studio is a veritable museum.

When twelve years old Miss Kelley was taken to Europe, where she acquired the French, German and Italian languages, studied art historically as well as technically, and travelled not only in Europe but as far as Greece, Constantinople and Asia Minor. Doubtless to broad education and a keen observation is due much of Miss Kelley's fine discrimination and her feeling for classic form and Oriental color. When but fifteen a case of her miniatures was sold for \$1,000. Was that not a choice addition to the exhibition of water colors at the Chicago Art Institute? She has worked from life at the academies of Julian and Cotarossi in Paris, and also with Da Pozzo in Rome. Spending the winter of her seventeenth year in Rome, Miss Kelley was presented at court, and Queen Margherita gave her personal permission to paint two portraits of herself, which Miss Kelley painted on ivory. They were totally different, one being in profile, which her Majesty now possesses; the other, which as often been reproduced, a full front view, but both are considered at the Quirinal as most successful likenesses. The latter was accepted with another case

portraits is that of Miss Fullman, of Chicago, the daughter of the late millionaire. Miss Fullman is now Mrs. Carolan, but presents the charm of face and manner that won for her, in her days of bellehoo, so many warm admirers. Miss Kelley is also particularly happy in her portraits of children. One of these, which has been successfully exhibited, is reproduced on this page.

ACCORDION VELVET SKIRTS IN VOGUE.  
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

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## HILDA CLARKE, "HIGHWAYMAN."

Probably the gentlest highwayman that New Yorkers have ever seen is the pretty singer in the comic opera now being produced at the Broadway Theatre. Miss Hilda Clarke is a charming little bandit, and her methods of following her trade are so attractive that the most valorous would be glad to be "held up" by her.

The photographs shown on this page were taken especially for the Sunday World. They show Miss Clarke in two poses which will immediately be recognized by those who are familiar with the opera, and they will prove to conservative readers how pretty & trade that of the highwayman may be made to her.

HILDA CLARKE AS "THE HIGHWAYMAN."  
(From one of her latest photographs.)

seen. Miss Clarke's "make-up" for the part is very excellent, and her critics to the contrary notwithstanding, she acts the part in a charmingly effective fashion.

## THE BUTTERFLY EVENING GOWN

(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

## COOKING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Cooking means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah."—Ruskin.

One of the most interesting and practical branches of the public-school curriculum is cooking. As yet it is not taught in all of the schools, but for an instant the new department is wonderfully vigorous.

Mrs. Mary E. Williams is Supervisor of Cookery, and under her direction a corps of competent teachers are training the children in this most useful art.

The kitchens which are being gradually attached to the school buildings are models. The interiors are filled with the most modern appliances for cooking, and the children are taught to bake and brew in the most practical manner.

The classes, arrayed in white caps, aprons and sleeves, are most picturesque as they gather about the teacher for instruction. The children enjoy the work thoroughly, as the course mapped out is so perfectly arranged that it does not become irksome, but holds their interest.

Blackboards ranged around the wall are used for theoretical purposes. On these the children draw the different food products as they look under a microscope.

For instance, while learning to cook potatoes a section of the tuber is magnified and drawn on the board, and an analysis of its properties written. The botany and history of the plant are also written out and as many interesting facts as possible are looked up by the pupils.

Meanwhile the potatoes have been carefully prepared and baked, stewed or boiled, by established rules, tested when done and daintily served.

Cleanliness is the corner-stone of the cooking lesson. The pupils learn the quickest and most healthful way of cleaning up. The care of the sink and garbage-pail, how to wash, rinse and wipe dishes, caring for the range and keeping a good fire—all these form a useful lesson, well taught. In fact, all of the minute details pertaining to the care of the kitchen are thoroughly instilled into the minds of the young students.

Main cooking is first taught, and after that is mastered simple desserts, cake-making, preserving and pickling are taken up. The students have jellies and preserves of their own manufacture that would be the envy of any housekeeper. These are kept, only to be opened on state occasions.

The Sunday World's little cook, Grace Gadski, is a pupil of School No. 5.

MRS. AUGUSTA STURTEVANT  
(From a photograph.)

corded plaited velvet skirt. The skirt is rather too elaborate for the young bud, but suits the matron to perfection.

The butterfly gown is admirably suited to the debutante in its daintiness and exquisiteness of design.

ONE OF MRS. STURTEVANT'S MOST SUCCESSFUL DESIGNS.  
(See article on opposite page.)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1898.

# CARLEBLANNER'S TYPES OF BEAUTY

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS BEST-KNOWN PAINTINGS.

